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FRONTISPIECE. "WILLOW LEAVES."

WILLOW LEAVES:

OR,

WHISPERS TO THE SORROWFUL.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Arranged for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and approved by the Committee of Publication.

Hooker, Martha Wright.

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,

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WILLOW LEAVES.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE FROM THE GERMAN. BY J. G. WHITTIER. FROM "MEMORY AND HOPE."

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He helps us kindly to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned,
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

SAID a Christian parent, with true resignation, "My *gems* are falling away, but I do hope and trust it is because God is making up his *jewels*."

THE DEAD CHILD.

Let in the light of the fair sun,
  And leave me here alone ;
This hour with thee must be the last,
  My dear unspotted one.

Thy bier waits in the silent street,
  And voiceless men are there,
While in sad, solemn intervals,
  The bell strikes on the air.

Through the bare trees the autumn wind
  With rustling song complains
To the deep vales, and echoing hills,
  In sad funeral strain.

And this is death ;—these heavy eyes,
  This eloquent, sweet face,
Where beauty, thron'd in innocence,
  Sat with celestial grace.

These limbs, whose chiseled marble lines
  But shame the sculptor's skill,
In more than mortal slumber wrapt,
  Unconscious, cold, and still.

Seal up the fountains of my eyes,
  This is no place for tears,—
These are but painted images
  That mock my hopes and fears.

Backward this little hand in mine,
  Feeling thou still art here,
I trace the blissful joys and cares
  That filled thy short career.

The bright intelligence that gleamed
  From out those infant eyes,
Seems still to point with blissful beams,
  The pathway to the skies.

But this is death! beneath whose touch
  Cold, unrelenting power!
Beauty's unwithered garlands fall,
  To perish in an hour.

Take up the bier, and bear it hence,—
  It were in vain to weep;
But gently, and with noiseless step,
  As to the couch of sleep.

The measured journey to the grave,
  Is dark to him who fears
To scan the blotted memories
  Of unrepented years.

To us, who bear this child to-day,
  No pang like this is given;
The door we shut upon its tomb
  Encloses it in Heaven.

AN IMMORTAL CHILD.

THOSE who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality, but this one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

This is the title of a touching poem in a late "London Athenæum." A husband is looking on the scarcely cold form of his dead wife.

Take her faded hand in thine—
  Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes, were wont to shine,
  Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted, speech departed—
  Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
  Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth, cold forever—
  No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
  In its silent home, the heart!

Hope not answered to your praying!
  Cold, responseless lies she there;
Death, that ever will be slaying
  Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers, soft as slumbers—
  She is with *Him* otherwhere.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

Ah! where is he, with the eyes so blue,
  And the shining yellow hair,
And the lofty brow still serenely mild,
  And the cheek so angel fair?
Oh, spirit lov'd! who like vision of light,
Stole across my path in that fearful night,
When the storm was high, and thy sire far
    away,
And smil'd thro' the darkness—how short was
    thy stay!
Like fleeting cloud, that by tempest is driven
  Athwart the stormy sky,
Or dew-drop that's wept at the close of even,
  From nature's humid eye.

That cheek was fair, but 'tis deadly pale,
  And the last living tint has fled;
And the cherish'd form on this bosom that slept,
  In the damp tomb rests his head.
Soon was finish'd thine errand to this distant
    shore,

And thy mission of love dearest babe soon was o'er,
In my soul's saddest hour of distress wert thou given,
To assuage the deep anguish, then vanish to Heaven.
Though oblivion's dews settle fast on thee now,
There's one heart shall forget thee, never;
And the stroke that shall end all my sorrows below,
Shall unite us again forever.

"Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stands this the foremost, that my heart has bled."

THE LOST GEM.

THE black waters of the river of death were rolling sluggishly onward. There approached one whose features bore traces of anxiety and sorrow; and with a bowed form she gazed into the turbulent stream, as though she would fain descry something far down in its fathomless depths.

A being of benign and celestial aspect appeared at her side, and said, "What seekest thou, sorrowing one?" "Alas!" she answered, "I wore a sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was no paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift, and invaluable. The wealth of India can yield none to match it. In an evil hour, it dropped from its resting-place into this dark river. For a moment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched out my hand to regain it, but it was beyond my reach; and it sank down, down, till I saw it no more. It is gone—lost forever!" And in deep gloom she turned to depart.

"Stay, mourner! Grieve not, but look again into the waters!" She looked, and a cry of joy burst from her lips. "It is there! I see it floating upon the dismal wave. O, shall it not be mine once more?" The answer came: "Nay; but thou art deceived. What thou seest is but the semblance of what was thine. Yet turn thine eyes upward, and rejoice." She obeyed; and beheld a star gleaming from a bright spot of azure in the murky sky, whose rays gave even the waves of that gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose reflection there she had mistaken for her own lost gem.

Then came a tender and musical voice, as the beautiful appearance vanished. "Mourner, these restless billows, though fearful and dark to thee, roll up to the golden gate of heaven. Ever faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel, which was lent, not given to thee, to its rightful owner, the Monarch of Heaven; and transferred to his care, it will shine forever in His glorious dwelling-place."

The mourner departed with a countenance thoughtful, yet cheerful; her gaze no longer

bent upon earth, or the sorrowful river of death, but was meekly and trustingly raised to the heavens. And that star beaming into her spirit with rays of hope and gladness, was ever after her talisman and guide.

Mother! who weepest for thy little one, so early lost, that mourner art thou; that star is thy now angel child! Dry thy tears, and ever rejoice that thou hast a treasure in heaven.

'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

THE EARLY CALLED.

She hath gone home—and should ye therefore
weep?
'Tis but the fragile form, that seeks repose;
The soul immortal hath no need of sleep,
Since freed from earthly bands, no weariness
it knows.

But loving hearts are broken by the stroke,
Which "loosed the silver cord" of life so frail;
So the sad tear doth fall—and we invoke
The Saviour's pity for our heart's deep sor-
rowing wail.

Yet is it not a solace to your grief,
That *she*, the loved, the weary is at rest?
That Heaven hath crowned her being here, so
brief,
With endless life in the bright regions of the
blest!

It must be sweet thus early to go home,
In all the freshness of the heart's young love;

Ere aught of grief or sorrow it hath known,
To find a safe retreat, the Shepherd's fold above.

But "Jesus wept"—and sure he will not chide
The bitter tears we shed o'er sundered ties;
Oh no! there is no grief we need to hide,
No human woe escapes the notice of his eyes.

Then weep ye may, but with the Christian's grief,
Life's fitful, fev'rish dream will soon be o'er,
And when are ended all life's sorrows brief,
Your sundered hearts, joined once again, shall part no more.

Be still my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

"HOW SHALL WE KNOW THEM IN HEAVEN?"

How shall we know them in the Spirit Land—
  The lov'd and blest who left us weeping here?
How shall our souls discern that angel band—
  How may we know again those once so dear?
Will not the earthly all be blotted out?
  Will not the clay-cold dust remain below?
Are not the grave's chill garments still about
  The lovely forms we may no longer know?

Oh! human hearts are faithless when they deem
  That He, the loving Father, could have given
Unto our spirits such a fearful dream,
  To darken half our sweetest hopes of heaven.
By the deep, strong, unutterable tie
  That binds our souls in many an earth-born chain;
By the pure, sacred love, which cannot die,
  Shall we not meet and know in heaven again?

By the uncounted glimpses of the soul
  Which here we see not clearly—by the notes

Of angel-music which shall near us roll,
Through which some well-remembered accent floats;
By the sweet starry eyes we loved on earth,
By the familiar tones beloved of yore,
Changed not, yet grown into more heavenly birth,
Thus shall we know them on the spirit shore.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Thou purified for Heaven, oh, say—
Shall we thy early death deplore?
No, let us rather bless the day
Which gave to God an angel more.

DEATH.

Solemnly, solemnly,
For a soul has gone,
A spirit has just left the clay,
The summons of death has come,
And called a mortal away.

Solemnly, solemnly,
For God is near,
His Spirit is striving with men;
That gentle voice we all can hear,
All may not hear again!

Solemnly, solemnly,
How soon will stand
The beloved ones around my bier,
That sister weep, that mother mourn,
That father shed the silent tear!

Joyfully, joyfully,
The Shepherd has come,
And gathered a lamb to his fold;
A saint has just taken her crown,
And struck her harp of gold.

Joyfully, joyfully,
For we saw the smile
That welcomed the bright angel band,
Who, 'cross the dark stream, waited to bear
Her spirit to the heavenly land.

Joyfully, joyfully,
For I may live,
And work for life's blessed reward,
That when this glorious service is done,
My soul may go home to its God!

GIVEN BACK.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely think to curb thy sorrows wild,—
Think what a present thou to God has sent,
And render Him with patience what he lent.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song,
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies,
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distills
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there. The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollection have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know;
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word
Startled the sacred host with fear and dread.
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is rung wherever angel minstrels tread.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one; thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With a heavenly guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

"The mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers that she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the field of light above."—LONGFELLOW.

THE death of a little child is to the mother's heart like dew on a plant from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that ten-

der grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all hard passages and cares of life. The world to her is no longer filled with human love and hope in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy; she has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are mementos of the far brighter hopes now dawning on her day-dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the new Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanted for the dear head reposing on the breast of a kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there in that world of eternal bliss.

She has marked one passage in that book—to her emphatically the Word of Life—now lying closed on the toilette table, which she daily reads. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"MORE AIR! MORE LIGHT!"

THE LAST WORDS OF A DYING FRIEND.

Dearest, more air! more air!
Throw up the casement, let it lift my hair,
Let it around my dying temples play,
While yet I linger on my homeward way;
Oh sweet it is on earth, but sweeter there,
In Heaven, where all is fair.

Give me too light, more light!
That I may see the hand that claspeth mine;
Shut not the morning from these weary eyes,—
I never, never more shall see it rise;
Let the bright sunlight on my pillow shine,
Dearest! more light! more light!

Will ye not give me light?
That I may see thy face, my noble boy,
Close to thy mother's bending o'er me low?
Or is it death that vaileth all below?
Ah, yes! but heav'n so full of light and joy,
Dawns on me now—'tis light.

Now in celestial air,
This weary spirit bathes her spotless wings,—
Freed from the dust of earth she folds them
there,
Close by the river pure where all is fair,
And re-united with beloved one sings,
She sings forever there.

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

If flowers of earth, exposed to blight,
And withering long before their prime,
Appear so passing sweet and bright,
Amid the dim cold wastes of time;—
How wondrous, how surpassing fair,
How redolent of life and love,
Must those whom Heaven has called, appear,
Transplanted in the fields above!

THE DREAM OF THE MOTHERLESS.

A LITTLE child had wept himself to sleep. His heart was sad and desolate. The hour of his first grief had come. He had listened for the last time to the tender words of a mother, and had seen her close her eyes in dreamless slumber—the slumber of death. "Poor child! methinks thou hast reason to weep. Thou art an orphan. Thy father—alas! he is no father to thee. Thou hast reason to weep. Sleep on, poor motherless one." Such were our thoughts, as the sobs of the little child became fewer and fainter, and gradually he sank into a quiet sleep.

It was long ere he awoke, and when we saw him again, a peaceful smile rested upon his fair young brow. "I have been dreaming," he said, "and such a pleasant dream! I almost wish I might dream so all the time. When I went to sleep I was thinking of the cold, dark grave, where they laid her—my dear mother. But there was no grave in my

dream. I saw my mother, but not as she was when they held me up to look at her in her coffin. Her face was changed—all was changed. She smiled upon me, and spoke kindly to me, as she used to do. I thought we talked together for a long time about God, and Christ, and heaven. 'Do not cry, dear William,' she said, 'do not cry, because I have gone and left you. Be a good child. Learn to love the Saviour. God will take care of you then. He will lead you along kindly through the world, as a shepherd leads his sheep, and you will be fitted for heaven, and by and by you will come to me. How happy you will be here, my child!' I wonder if my dear mother did not come to me, and talk to me. Was it all a dream? It did not seem like a dream. It was not like my other dreams."

A hundred times since I heard this language from the lips of the motherless child, and saw his countenance beam with joy and hope, has the memory of this incident come back to my mind; and with it has come a flood of thoughts of the spirit-world, and of the connection with

it of the world of sense. "Is it only a dream?" How often has this simple question of the little child suggested itself to my own mind, when such thoughts have crowded into it. And who that has lost a cherished friend, and withal, has any distinct perceptions of the realities of the invisible world, so called, has not been led to ask himself the same question, or a similar one? I am not sure but those representations of the spiritual world, which we make only in poetry, and which would almost startle us if transferred into prose, are often nearer the reality than those which find their way into the body of our philosophy, and are stereotyped into it.

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Who can doubt it? Who can doubt, in his more serious and thoughtful moments, that there is in these lines a sentiment as strictly accordant with the language of sound philosophy, as with the allowable utterances of the muse of song?

True poetry is the language of the affections—it is the voice of the heart; and as such,

in spiritual things, may sometimes be reliable when prose cannot be trusted. Poetry brings the spiritual world near to us. It represents the inhabitants of the spirit-world as to some extent, at least, in our presence, hovering around us, and at times in communion with us. "Oft," it says—

> "Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
> To watch the silent slumbers of a friend—
> To hover round his evening walk unseen,
> And hold sweet converse on the dusky green—
> To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
> And heaven and nature opened to their view."

Prose scarcely dares utter this language. But it might utter it, safely, too, methinks. We of the Protestant faith are sometimes so much in a hurry to escape from the contact and influence of Papal errors, that we run away too fast and too far from the sentiment in which the errors originated. The doctrine of the intercession of the saints, as held by Romanists, we regard as absurd and impious—absurd, as we need no intercessor but Christ; impious, as it sets up a created being on a level with the Creator. So far well. But we mistake, when we go a step farther, to the

inference that therefore departed spirits have no intercourse whatever with the sensible world.

Of one thing we are certain—that messengers from heaven, unperceived though they are, bless the children of God, in their earthly pilgrimage, with their actual presence and protection. Else were there no meaning in these words of inspiration, "Are they (the angels) not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Why may we not, then, believe that our dearest friends, who have died in hope, and who are no longer encumbered with that drapery of the soul which we call a body, are among the number of those spiritual visitants? Why may we not believe this, and let the belief cheer us in our difficult journey heavenward? Why should we not form the habit of thinking of those whom we loved, and whom we have consigned to the grave, as near us still? Why may not our spirits commune with their spirits, at times, almost as when they were living in the flesh? Why may we not hope, even, that they are permitted by

our heavenly Father to aid us in getting the victory over the world, and in preparing for heaven? Why may there not be real, actual communication between spirits on different sides of the stream of death, in such experiences as those of the orphan child? Who can chide that boy for believing that his mother, promoted to the dignity of an angel, whispered to him as he slept?

THE readiest way to escape from our sufferings, is to be willing they should endure as long as God pleases.

THE DEW-DROPS.

TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

"The bright dew-drops have fled away
Too soon," said a fair-haired boy at play,
"They are rudely snatch'd from the blooming flower,
Where they shone so bright in the morning hour,
While other happier dew-drops, may
Rest from morn till noon, on the glittering spray,
Like sparkling pearls in the fair sunlight,
Or a shining star in a winter night;
But the scorching sun, this morn, in haste,
From the drooping flower, the dew hath chas'd,
Or hath drank its mellow nectar up
With its fiery breath, from the tulip's cup."
Thus spoke the child, with a tearful eye,
Grieving that aught so fair should fly.

But ere the sun had sunk to rest,
A dark cloud came from the shining west;
And when it passed to the eastern sky
A rainbow on its bosom lay:

"Look there my child," the father said,
And pointed where that bow was laid,
"There stand thy dew-drops, richly set,
In hues of gold and violet;
Those glittering pearls the sun hath given
To be the jewelry of heaven.
Know then from this, the flowers that die
On earth, shall bloom beyond the sky."

He spake prophetic words,—nor knew
How deep their meaning, and how true.
A few brief days, and that fair child was given
To shine, a dew-drop in the crown of Heaven.

With patient mind thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou would'st do thyself, if thou could'st see
The end of all he does, as well as He.

THE MOTHER WON.

A shepherd long had sought in vain
  To call a wandering sheep;
He strove to make *her* pathway plain,
  Through dangers thick and deep.

But still the wanderer stood aloof,
  And still refused to come;
Nor would she ever hear reproof,
  Or turn to seek her home.

At last the gentle Shepherd took
  Her little lamb from view!
The mother turned with anguished look—
  She turned and followed too!

EDUCATION IN HEAVEN.

"THE child is dead;" said an eminent servant of God; "blessed be God that I had a child to give at his call, and blessed be the Lord that he helped me to give her willingly." The adaptation of Christianity to the wants of the affections is one of the many proofs of the divinity of its origin, and one of its most striking adaptations is the provision it makes for the support of the affections, under bereavement of their objects.

Philosophy can only tell us that we must submit to the inevitable lot of man. Stoicism would bid us eradicate the affections, that they may not become ministers of sorrow. Christianity would have us cultivate them. She would have us enjoy the exquisite happiness they are adapted to afford, and when their objects are removed, it furnishes for the wounds thus occasioned, a balm which ministers to the soul a happiness not inferior to that which has been removed.

There are facts constantly taking place which illustrate this remark. The writer once called on a Christian father who had buried a beloved child. Though a man of keen sensibility, he was calm and even cheerful. He expressed his entire acquiescence in the divine will. "I gave him to God," said he, "from the moment of his birth, and I renewed the dedication of him daily as long as he lived. I intended to educate him for God's service, but God has taken the work out of my hands, and I am content, and, if I would not be regarded as unnatural, I could say I am glad of it. I have put the thing in my mind in this shape. If I had lived when Jesus was on earth, and he had come to me and said, 'You want to have this child educated for my service. This sinful world is a very unfavorable place to educate a child in, and with your best efforts you will make mistakes in training him. I will relieve you of the task. I am about to return to my Father, and I will take the child with me, and educate him in heaven;' I do not think I should have objected to such a proposal—I might have wept as I parted with my

child, but I certainly should have thanked Christ for his condescension, and should have rejoiced over the glorious provision made for the education of my child! Now the case as it is, does not really differ from that supposed. Should I not rejoice that I have a child educating in heaven?"

Said a Christian mother, in relation to the death of a beloved son, "He has only gone home a little while before me. I shall soon go and see him. He will be looking out for his poor old mother." She shed many tears, it is true, but there was even in her grief, a joy exquisite and unutterable.

The mother of President Davies, as she stood over his corpse, as it lay in the coffin, exclaimed, "There is the son of my prayers and my hopes,—my only son,—my only earthly supporter. But it is the will of God, and I am satisfied."

He who has received Christ will have his heart stayed upon God, will have the wants of his affections fully met in all the circumstances of his being in time and eternity.

OUR ONLY CHILD.

Lovely was our Rosalie
To her mother and to me;
In her mother's face she smiled,
Sweet Rosalie, our only child.

Gone is little Rosalie
From her mother and from me;
An angel loved her when she smiled,
Sweet Rosalie, our only child.

Cradled like a tint of light
In a dew-drop frail and bright,
Was her spirit pure and mild,
Sweet Rosalie, our only child.

Nevermore shall on my knee,
Nevermore sit Rosalie,
Who our weary hours beguiled,
Sweet Rosalie, our only child.

Nevermore in gentle rest,
A jewel on her mother's breast,
Where she hung in radiance mild,
Sweet Rosalie, our only child.

We feared to love our Rosalie,
Fearing we should childless be,
Yet loved her more till love grew wild
For Rosalie, our only child.

We knew she was not born for earth,
We thought so from her very birth,
But knew it when the angel smiled
On Rosalie, our only child.

The angel who hath loved her so,
And taken her from a world of woe,
Hath our own hearts to heaven beguiled
With Rosalie, our only child.

THE KEY OF THE COFFIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

A mother knelt o'er her lov'd one's tomb,
And her eyes were red with weeping,
For her cherish'd flower in its morning bloom
Was now in the cold earth sleeping.

The coffin's key was in her hand,
In her heart was deepest sadness,
And her spirit yearn'd for the better land
Where grief would be turned to gladness.

"I will keep the key," she calmly said,
"Of thy dwelling dark and lonely,
So that none shall ever thy rest invade
But the mother who loves thee only."

She turned her eyes to heaven's bright dome,
Where the silent stars were beaming,
And her spirit caught in childlike tone,
These words of holiest meaning—

"Throw away the key! O mother dear,
For the coffin holds not thy child—
He has risen from earth, and dwelleth here,
For the Saviour upon him smiled."

DOST THOU WEEP?

Mother, has the dove that nestled
  Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinion,
  And in darkness gone to rest?
Ah, the grave is dark and dreary,
  But the lost one is not there;
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
  Floating on the ambient air?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
  Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
  It looks up from every flower;
And when night's dark shadow fleeing,
  Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
  Then thine angel babe is there.

* * * * * * *

Oh! the friends, the friends we've cherished,
  How we weep to see them die,
All unthinking they're the angels
  That will guide us to the sky.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

By her dead child the mother kneels,
And on her ear the death-bell peals;
He was—the heir to wide-spread lands,
And all the state that wealth commands;
He is—a tiny heap of clay,
Laid in the grave-clothes' prim array!

The day is chill with weeping clouds,
Whose vail the radiant noon-tide shrouds,
Shown through the antique orient panes
Sombred by richly darkened stains,
Yet bringing something of relief—
That sunshine does not mock her grief.

The frenzy of her mad despair
Has dashed away the power of prayer;
With streaming eyes, and throbbing brow,
Her form—but not her heart—may bow;
The words come tangled, or but track
One frantic thought, "Give back—give back!"

A pitying angel stooped his wing
A balm to this sad soul to bring;

Quick through her frame there silent crept
A subtle charm—the mother slept;
Such sleep as on the rack was caught,
When sense and soul sank overwrought.

Then moulded from her tears, arose
A mirror to reflect the woes,
Which on the future's mystic loom
Lay ready for her infant's doom:
Thus through each dimly shifting scene
She dreaming sees, *what would have been.*

She and her husband—they whose blooming days
Have scarcely reach'd bright youth's meridian blaze,
Stand hand in hand, with wrinkled cheek, and brow,
And scant locks fleck'd by fifty winters' snow.
Anguish is written on the matron's face,
And wrath and grief each other quickly chase
Across the visage of her time-changed lord;
Anon he drops her hand, with bitter word
Of harsh rebuke; "the fault it was her own—
Fruit of the seed which she herself had sown;
The weak indulgence of his boyhood's day
Had raised the fiend no mortal power could slay."

Then by the shadowy painting of the dream,
New terrors throng, and o'er her vision gleam.
Entranced she gazed. Behold, there rose to
view
A stranger man, yet one her spirit knew;
The soft-eyed babe had grown to this dread thing,
More venom-dowered than is the adder's sting.
The dice box rattles in his trembling hands,
He throws—the stake his broad ancestral lands.
The fresh drawn flagon, and the wine-soiled glass
And haggard form before the dreamer pass,
And then in quick review, some woman's wrongs
Are shrieked in chorus by a choir of tongues:
New crimes the mirror shows in lurid flame,
Then breaks at last beneath its load of shame.

———By her dead child she still is kneeling,
The solemn bell has stay'd its pealing,—
The clouds have wept themselves away:
The sun resumed his gorgeous sway,
And through the antique oriol pane,
Streams with a sapphire-emerald stain,
And, falling as though ruby deep,
Makes Death but seem a rosy sleep.
The little hands so soft and fair
Are folded as in infant prayer;
The dimpled chin and placid brow

Not yet are marred by passion's glow.
And now the mother silent kneels,
For through her soul a soft peace steals;
She sees that Heaven's power has blent
Sweet mercy with the anguish sent.

No longer tears bedim her eyes;
Life's duties fair before her rise,
And he whose only angry word
Was in the awful vision heard.
One kiss she plants on those cold lips,
And on those dear eyes' dull eclipse;
Then leaves she with a measured tread
The guarded chamber of the Dead.

BLESSEDNESS OF AFFLICTION.

"Oh," said a saint of other days, "what I owe to the fire, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus."

BURIAL

OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT'S CHILD AT SEA.

No flowers to lay upon his little breast,
  No passing bell to call his spirit home,
But gently gliding to his place of rest,
  Parting, mid tears at eve, the ocean's foam.

No turf was round him, but the lifting surge
  Entomb'd those lids that clos'd so calm and slow,
While solemn winds like a cathedral dirge,
  Sigh'd o'er his form a requiem sad and low.

O, who shall tell the maddening grief of love
  That swept her heart-strings in that hour of wo?
Weep, childless mother, but, O look above
  For aid that only Heaven can now bestow.

Gaze, blue-eyed mourner, on that silken hair,
  Weep, but remember that thy God will stand
Beside thee here in all this wild despair,
  As on the green mounds of thy father-land.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

One Sabbath at the font, sweet babe, the next
we laid thee here;
We wore no mournful black for thee, we shed
no bitter tear;
The white waves dancing gladly, and the birds
with songs so gay,
They wished to make us understand it was a
festive day.

The gentle shepherd bent his gaze upon his
wandering sheep;
Within his arms he took that lamb; "Nay,
mother, do not weep;
Around the earthly fold are wolves, but he is
safe with me.
Shall he not come?"—She smiled, and said,
"With thee, good Lord, with thee."

THE FATHERLESS.

Speak softly to the fatherless!
  And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
  The tear-drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
  In this rude world to bear;
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
  The drooping floweret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless!
  The lowliest of their band
God keepeth, as the waters,
  In the hollow of his hand.
'Tis sad to see life's evening sun
  Go down in sorrow's shroud;
But sadder still when morning's dawn
  Is darkened by a cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
  Ye may have power to wile
Their hearts from saddened memory,
  By the magic of a smile.

Deal gently with these little ones,
Be pitiful, and He
The Friend and Father of us all
Shall gently deal with thee!

OUR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

As the shepherd thought more of the sheep that was lost, than the ninety and nine that were left,—as the woman scarcely realized the value of the nine pieces of silver, that remained in her casket, in her anxiety for the one that was missing; so it has ever seemed to the bereaved parent, that the flowers, which Heaven claims in the spring time of infancy, are fairer and sweeter than any that survive the early blight, to blossom and bear fruit in the chilly atmosphere of time.

EARLY LOST; EARLY SAVED.

Within her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled;
When a strife arose among them, a loving holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessings upon the new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue;
Till every one who saw her was thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall;

Till all who heard her laughing, or her words
of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon
her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle
mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem
enshrined;
Till all who knew her, wondered that God
should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold
and rude.

Then out-spake another angel, nobler, brighter
than the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her
to his breast:
'Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of
mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er
her face.

'Ye have turned to gladness only the accents of
her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her
lips be wrung;

Nor shall the soul, that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin.

'Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor sorrow nor decay:
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be,—
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality.'

Then on his heart the darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was Death.

THEY only truly mourn the dead, who endeavor so to live as to ensure a reunion in Heaven.

TO A WIFE ON HER INDULGENCE OF SORROW.

I would not chide thee, my lov'd wife,
  But still I grieve to see
Thy spirit thus with God at strife,
  Thus mourning his decree;
It is not well, my gentle one,
  To rivet sorrow's chains,
And in our grief for blessings gone,
  Forget how much remains.

'Tis true a fount of joy has closed,
  As holy as 'twas sweet;
The smiles on which our souls reposed,
  No more our bosoms greet.
Our spirit's star has lost its light,
  And set no more to rise;
But there are others warm and bright,
  In our domestic skies.

Two hearts, which never yet have known
  Love's "sear and yellow leaf,"
Two souls, the concord of whose tone
  Has been unmanned in grief:

A fond esteem which passing years
  Have made more fond and warm,—
These, then, are but ungrateful tears,
  Which steal from life its charm.

Then grieve not, love, our child is bless'd—
  Our loss has been her gain;
Her sainted spirit knows a rest
  Which has no dream of pain;
If fondly still she hovers near,
  Around her once glad home,
Say, would it not her bliss impair
  To see her mother's gloom?

"SHALL I NOT DRINK IT?"

Exceedingly sorrowful even to death,
He sinks to the earth—he is fainting for breath,
"My Father!—This cup!—Oh, why must it be?
Why may not this bitterest cup pass from me?
But yet, not as I will—but as thou wilt. How sweet,
The draught in which justice and tenderness meet;
And *shall I not drink it?* whate'er it may be,
The cup, which my Father has given to me?"

'Twas thus in the fiercest assault of despair,
The Saviour in darkness poured forth his lone prayer,
As sinking beneath the vast burden he fell,
That else must have sunk a lost world into hell;
With none to uphold him, with none to console,
Unpitied, unheeded, he pour'd out his soul;
Oh, *shall I not drink it?* whate'er it may be,
The cup which my Father has given to me?

Did Jesus receive e'en the wormwood and gall,
And drink the last dregs of the cup for us all?
Then why from the *drop* which he gives me to drink,
So mingled with sweetness, should I ever shrink?
How sweet, let me say, is my bitterest cup,
Compared with the draught that my Saviour drank up,—
Then *shall I not drink it?* whate'er it may be,
The cup which my Father has given to me?

The friend on whose bosom I lov'd to recline,
Whose mind, heart and soul were commingled with mine,
On whom I delighted to lean in distress,
And whom at all seasons I joyed to caress,—
My dearest companion, He's taken away
And left me to sorrow and anguish a prey;
But *shall I not drink it?* though bitter it be,
The cup which my Father has given to me?

The sweet little cherub—the pledge of that love
I hope to renew in the mansions above—
The babe, on whose face I would gaze with delight,

And trace those lov'd features once beauteous
and bright,
When lonely and widowed, I clasp'd to my
breast,
My dear, lovely child He has taken to rest;
Yet *shall I not drink it?* though bitter it be,
The cup which my Father has given to me?

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find an excuse for every weakness, and palliations for every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.

"GONE—BUT NOT LOST."

Sweet bud of earth's wilderness,
  Rifled and torn!
Fond eyes have wept o'er thee,
  Fond hearts still will mourn;
The spoiler hath come,
  With his cold withering breath,
And the loved and the cherish'd
  Lie silent in death.

He felt not the burden
  And heat of the day!
He hath pass'd from this earth
  And its sorrows away,
With the dew of the morning
  Yet fresh on his brow;
Sweet bud of earth's wilderness,
  Where art thou now?

And oh do ye question,
  With tremulous breath,
Why the joy of your household
  Lies silent in death?

Do ye mourn round the place
  Of his perishing dust?
Look onward and upward,
  With holier trust!

Who cometh to meet him,
  With light on her brow?
What angel-form greets him,
  So tenderly now?
'Tis the pure sainted mother,
  Springs onward to bear
The child of her love
  From the region of care!

She beareth him on
  To that realm of repose,
Where no cloud ever gathers,
  No storm ever blows:
For the Saviour calls home,
  To the mansions above,
This frail trembling floweret
  In mercy and love.

There shall he forever,
  Unchang'd by decay,
Beside the still waters
  And green pastures stray;

And there shall ye join him,
With Earth's ransomed host—
Look onward and upward!
"He's gone—but not lost."

I stood beside a death-bed scene, a mother bent and wept,
But deep within her breaking heart, a deathless faith she kept;
She gazed upon her little one, so beautiful and still,
And humbly tried to yield him up unto her Maker's will:
She bent and kissed his pallid brow, she joined her hands in prayer,
And then I knew the Christian's hope had surely entered there.

CHRISTIAN PARENT'S REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

The bills of mortality show us, that more than half the human race die in infancy and childhood. As God then gave us five children, and has now taken away three, we are not to think ourselves dealt more hardly with than others; especially as these dear little ones have doubtless entered upon a good exchange. There is much in the consideration, that so many immortal human beings are just shown to this world, and so quickly removed into another. They are as these plants, which are gathered and housed the moment they are in season; while others, who arrive at maturer age, are as the fewer plants, which, being left for seed, remain longer out in wind and weather.

We do not regret the fall of the sweet and delightful blossoms of our plants and trees, though they soon drop off in such multitudes,

because the fruit which succeeds is attended with more substantial enjoyment. Had no such child been born to us a year ago, it is true, we should not have been in our present sorrow; but having attended it this day to its grave we are temporarily in the same situation as if we had never possessed it. And yet we can count it gain to be able to reckon on one more child of our own in heaven. It therefore was neither "made for naught" nor brought into the world in vain, nor has the care we expended upon it been thrown away. And now that such care has ceased, and our responsibility with it, we have the more leisure to attend to the one thing needful, and to direct to this great object, in a more undivided manner, the attention of our two surviving children.

AN HOUR AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The autumn wind sweeps o'er thee now, and sighs are in its tone,
And one by one the flowers have died, and left thee here alone.
Long years have pass'd since thou wert laid beneath the turf to rest,
And often have the daisies bloom'd and faded on thy breast;
And mine hath been a weary lot, yet none but God can know
How time hath dimmed the life within, and vail'd the light with woe.
There is no furrow on my brow, nor frost upon my hair,
The storm hath beat upon my heart, and left its traces there.
And by affection's empty well with fever thirst I pine,
And long in vain for one sweet draught, one draught of love like thine.
Cold sleeper! hath not grief a voice to reach thee in thy gloom?

I call thee, mother! mother dear! oh, answer
from the tomb;
Speak to me, for my aching heart hears not one
blessed tone
Of joy in all this laughing world,—and canst
thou leave me lone?
In vain! in vain! the plaint of woe falls not
upon thy ear;
It is but dust that lies beneath,—why should I
seek thee here?
Yet ere the dews of death put out the lustre of
thine eye,
Thou too didst see thy heart's own flowers fade
one by one and die;
And sorrow's chalice to thy lip full many a time
was prest,
And thorns were strewed along the path that led
thee to thy rest.
The Rock of Ages was thy trust—the God of
memory thine;
And shall my spirit faint? ah, no! thy hope, thy
trust is mine.
Dear mother, we shall meet again, where all is
bright and fair;
Till then, thy presence in the skies shall bind me
closer there.

THE DEAD WIFE.

Shut out the sunlight! for she sees no more
  Its golden rays within her casement creeping.
Ere the gray dawn her dream of life was o'er,
  In yon lone couch my cherish'd one is sleeping.

Shut out the sunlight—it but mocks my gloom;
  Leave me alone beside her form to weep;—
Light of the life that's darken'd all too soon,
  Flow'r of my heart, the angels now must keep.

Alone beside the dead! she whose soft hand
  Was ever first to wipe away my tears,
Is folded now in death's still icy band,
  And words of love her ear no longer hears.

No passing* bell told of the life-links breaking,
  Whisper'd of viewless angels waiting there;
Noted the moment that her soul forsaking
  Its prison bars, was borne to mansions fair.

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* The *passing bell* which is always rung when a man is at the point of death, so that the sympathizing soul may pray for the dying. JEAN PAUL.

The passing bell toll'd in my spirit only,—
  Beside her couch it summoned me to prayer,
That God would lead her through the valley lonely,
  And gently whisper, "Fear no evil there."

Wife of my heart! ere on thy cheek of snow
  Cold eyes are gazing, take my last good-bye!
Thy head upon my bosom, darling, so—
  I shall not wake thee with my heart's low sigh.

Here rest thee, rest thee, while I say farewell—
  Ere to the stranger's glance thy form is given;
Lonely on earth without thee I shall dwell,
  But we shall meet, oh, joy! shall meet in Heaven!

LINES BY A MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY SON.

They say the spring is lovely,
  Its days are mild and fair,
And little merry songsters
  With music fill the air.
But ah! it brings no joy to me—
My much loved one, oh! where is he?

That happy bird-like voice
  Is hushed in silence deep,
While angels near his bed
  Their constant vigils keep.
Kind angels! guard his sacred dust
Until the tomb shall yield its trust.

I mourn, but not repine,
  Although my peace is slain,
Since my great loss I know
  Is his eternal gain;
But since his face no more I see,
The world is sad and lone to me.

—And tears may dim the eye,
  When friends are call'd to part,
But not one murmuring thought
  Shall e'er escape my heart:
For oh! how sweet a thought is this—
Gone from this world to endless bliss!

He wears a glorious robe,
  By his dear Saviour given,
And with an angel's skill,
  He sweeps his harp in Heaven.
Ah! what could tempt him back again,
To share with us this world of pain?

Then farewell, dearest one,
  Till we shall meet above,
Where all the Heavenly host
  United, dwell in love.
Then may I meet thee, in the skies,
To mourn no more earth's severed ties.

THE MOTHER'S CRY.

—

"Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with rapture wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,
But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion:
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face."—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

—

Ah no! doth love implore,
But let kind Heaven restore
In *her own form*, my long-lost, darling child!
Oh! if I reach that gate
And there my child await,
Must I then meet with disappointment wild?

"*A maiden*," shall I see,
When my own child shall be
Restored again unto this yearning bosom?
Alas! my heart doth crave
What unto Heaven I gave,—
My darling *bud*—my *still unfolded* blossom.

And if this bud so sweet
My eye should never meet,

Would my bright cup be brimming o'er with bliss?
Even in that happy place,
Could I forget that face?
No! something,—something still my heart would miss.

Oft in some vision bright,
On angel wings of light,
A cherub-child is floating over me.
And in a dreamy maze,
As still enrapt I gaze,
My little Carrie's beauteous face I see.

Will not her tresses fair
Shade the *same* forehead there,
Which oft my lips have pressed with fond caress?
If gone is memory's seal,
Ah! what will then reveal
My *own* child, in her *infant* loveliness?

My heart to her still turneth,—
For *little* Carrie yearneth,—
And if "*a maiden*" should be called *my* child,
Though "beautiful" her "face,"
"Clothed with celestial grace,"
Yet could my heart's long grief be thus beguiled?

I want to see her wear
The same sweet garment there,
Which in the lonely grave, we weeping laid.
When transformed it shall be,
That garment I would see
Adorn her soul, immortally arrayed.

I want to see that face
In its own *childish* grace.
I want to gaze in those *very* eyes
Whose loving, starry light
Made all things look so bright.
Alas ! that over them Death's mist should rise !

I want to hear my bird,
With many a *lisping* word,
Singing again her childish song of love.
My heart will not find rest
Till in its loving nest
Doth nestle there, my own long-parted dove.

I want—but hush, my heart !
Meet we no more to part,—
This throbbing bosom then will be at rest ;—
Quiet this rushing tide,—
I shall be satisfied,
Let me but clasp my darling to my breast !

THE CHERUB'S WELCOME.

Among the bright-robed host of heaven, two cherubs were filled with new rapture. Gladness that mortal eye hath never seen, beamed from their brows, as with tuneful voices they exclaimed,

"Joy! joy! He cometh! Welcome, welcome, dear brother! Babe redeemed from earth!" And they clasped in their radiant arms a new immortal.

Then, to their golden harps, they chanted, "Thou shalt weep no more, our brother, neither shall sickness smite thee. For here is no death, neither sorrow nor sighing."

At the Saviour's feet they knelt together, with their warbled strain, "Praise be unto thee! who didst say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

"Thou didst take them to thy bosom on the earth; and through thy love they enter into the kingdom of heaven. Endless praise and glory be Thine, O Lord! Most High!"

They led the little one to amaranthine bowers, and wreathed around his temples the flowers that never fade. They gave him of the fruit of the tree of life, and of the water that gusheth clear as crystal, from before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

And they said, "Beautiful one, who wert too young to lisp the dialect of earth, sweet to thee will be the pure language of heaven. Bringest thou to us no token from the world that was once our home?"

Then answered the babe-cherub: "Here is our mother's last kiss, with a tear upon it, and the prayer with which our father gave me back to God."

And they said, "Their gifts are sweet to us. We remember *her* smile who lulled us on her breast; whose eye was open through the long night, when sickness smote us; and *his* voice who taught us the name of Jesus.

"Oft-times do we hover about them. We are near them, though they see us not. While they mourn, we drop into their hearts a balm-drop, and a thought of heaven, and fly back hither, swifter than the wing of morning.

"We keep watch at the shining gates for them, and for the white-haired parents whom they honor, and for our fair sister, that we may be the first to welcome them. Lo! when all are here, our joy shall be full."

Long they talked together, folding their rainbow wings. They talked long with their music-tones, yet the darkness came not. For there is no night there.

Then there burst forth a great song; choirs of angels saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." And the lyres of the cherub-brothers joined the chorus, swelling the melody of heaven.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

F. Touch not thy mother, boy—thou canst not wake her.

C. Why, father? She still wakens at this hour.

F. Your mother's—dead, my child.

C. And what is dead?
If she be dead, why then 'tis only sleeping,
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, mother, rise!
Her hand is very cold!

F. Her heart is cold;
Her limbs are bloodless, would that mine were so!

C. If she would waken, she would soon be warm.
Why is she wrapt in this thin sheet? If I,
This winter morning, were not covered better,
I should be cold like her.

F. No—not like her:
The fire might warm you, or, thick clothes, but her,
Nothing can warm again!

C. If I could wake her,
She would smile on me, as she always does,
And kiss me. Mother! you have slept too long.
Her face is pale—and it would frighten me,
But that I know she loves me.

F. Come, my child.

C. Once when I sat upon her lap, I felt
A beating at her side, and then she said
It was her heart that beat, and bade me feel
For my own heart, and they both beat alike,
Only mine was quickest—And I feel
My own heart yet—but her's—I cannot feel.

F. Child! child!—you drive me mad—Come hence I say.

C. Nay, father, be not angry! let me stay
Here till my mother wakens.

F. I have told you,
Your mother cannot 'wake—not in this world—
But in another she *will* 'wake for us.
When we have slept like her, then shall we see her.

C. Would it were night then!

F. No—unhappy child!
Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst sleep,

That last long sleep—Thy father soon shall
sleep it;
Then wilt thou be deserted upon earth:
None will regard thee; thou wilt soon forget
That thou hadst natural ties—an orphan lone,
Abandoned to the wiles of wicked men,
And women still more wicked.

C. Father! father!
Why do you look so terribly upon me,
You will not hurt me.

F. Hurt thee, darling?—no!
Has sorrow's violence so much of anger,
That it should fright my boy? Come, dearest,
come.

C. You are not angry then?

F. Too well I love you.

C. All you have said I cannot now remember,
Nor what it meant—you terrified me so.
But this I know, you told me—I must sleep
Before my mother wakes—so, tomorrow—
O father! that tomorrow were but come!

THOUGHTS FROM MELVILLE.

WHAT are we to say to these things? What, but that in the deepest moral darkness, there can be music, music which sounds softer and sweeter than by day; and that, when the instruments of human melody are broken, there is a hand, which can sweep the heart-strings and wake the notes of praise?

The harp of the human spirit never yields such sweet music, as when its frame-work is most shattered, and its strings are most torn. Then it is, when the world pronounces the instrument useless, and man would put it away as incapable of melody, that the finger of God delights in touching it, and draws from it a fine swell of harmony.

AN INFANT'S SPIRIT.

An infant's soul—the sweetest thing of earth,
To which endowments beautiful are given
As might befit a more than mortal birth.—
What shall it be, when midst its winning mirth,
And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to Heav'n?
Will it grow into might above the skies?—
A spirit of high wisdom, glory, power—
A cherub guard of the Eternal Tower,
With knowledge fill'd of its vast mysteries?
Or will perpetual childhood be its dower?
To sport forever a bright, joyous thing,
Amid the wonders of the shining thrones,
Yielding its praise in glad, but feeble tones,
A tender dove beneath the Almighty's wing?

GONE.

Another hand is beckoning us,
  Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps,
  The path with reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
  Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of Autumn time,
  Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom,
  Forewarned us of decay ;
No shadow from the Silent Land,
  Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
  As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
  Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seem'd
  Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her voice
  A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps press'd,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds,
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book;

The measures of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "good-night."

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will,
  One thought hath reconciled ;
That *He* whose love exceedeth ours,
  Has taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
  And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love, between
  Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
  Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she, who trembling here,
  Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home,
  The well-beloved of ours.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"What shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother, as she fondly watch'd
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice
That night in dreams—
"Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast—fed with the dews of love,—
Lend me that flower. Such flowers there are, in heaven."
But there was silence. Yet a hush so deep,
Breathless, and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.
"Thou hast a little harp—
How sweetly would it swell the angel's hymn!
Yield me that harp."
There rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.
Morn came—a blight had found

The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain, and broke—
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony. Again the voice
That stirred the vision :—
"He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and ere the tear-drops dried
Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

MY FATHER.

I see him not; around the room I look,
There stands his chair, and there the open book,
With pages mark'd, upon his table lying,
From which he read, while his sweet life was flying.

I hear him not;—I listen for his step—
The greeting kind, with which he daily met
Me at the door;—I miss his feeble tone,
His slow, faint foot-fall! oh! the sound has flown.

Yet he is near, although I hear him not,
Though he is viewless as a hidden thought!
Though I shall clasp his wither'd hand no more,
He loves and watches o'er me as before.

Oh father! father! dost thou hear thy child?
See'st thou the anguish in my bosom wild,
Dost note the tears that show'r upon my cheek?
The vain regrets, that haunt me in my sleep?

Oh then, forgive each act that ever griev'd—
Each word undutiful from me received—

Tones that fell coldly on thy loving heart,
While I was all-unconscious of the dart.

Thou wilt—thou wilt—I lov'd and mourn the dead,
Soon shall I sleep beside thy frost-bound bed.
Then to my soul may spotless robes be given,
That I may with thee, father, rest in Heaven.

OH, WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Oh, weep not for the Dead!
Rather, oh, rather give the tear
To those that darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled.
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold cheerless sorrowing,
Weep for the young and lovely one,
That ruin darkly revels on,
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the Dead!
No more for them the blighting chill,
The thousand shades of earthly ill,
The thousand thorns we tread;
Weep for the life-charm early flower,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone;
Weep for the death pangs of the heart,
Ere being from the bosom part.
But never be a tear-drop given
To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

LAMENT FOR A CHILD.

Room, mother Earth, upon thy breast, for this
young child of ours;
Give her a pleasant resting-place among thy
beds and flowers;
Gently her precious little form within thy arms
enfold,
For she is passing beautiful and scarcely two
years old.
Ever since she breathed on us, she hath kindly
nursing known,
And now we sigh to lay her down and leave
her all alone.

We cannot soon forget how she has made our
hearts rejoice,
When returning to our home, we met the
greetings of her voice;
We can't forget the morning kiss, the parting of
the night,
And words of love, which on us fell as softly as
the light.

Ere death stole gently to the spot, where she
was wont to rest,
And bade us bear her from our home, and lay
her down to rest.

So, mother, thou hast one child more, and we
have one the less,
A sunny spot within our hearts seems now a
wilderness,
From which the warm light of the noon has fled
away afar,
And nothing of its radiance left, but memory's
solemn star;
And as we mark its early rise, and feel its
sacred ray,
We know that it is shining from a loved one
passed away.

Mother, we know we should rejoice, that she
has "gone before,"
Gone where the withering hand of death shall
never touch her more;
Gone to the clime of sinless souls to be an
angel there,
Ere yet upon her spirit fell shadows of sin and
care;

Yet, when we think how dear she was to us in
her brief stay,
A sigh will come, that one so sweet, so early
passed away.

THE CONQUERED ENEMY.

"Do not weep, dear mother," said a bright eyed little boy, as death knocked at the door of his heart. "It is God that calls me, and I am only going home. I have been looking up into the blue sky, and wondering how they get to heaven; but I think God will send his angels, and they will lead the way. You must not weep, mother, when I am gone; I shall ask God to let me come back in a little while for you, and then for father, and my little sisters, and then, mother, we will all be there." And with this bright vision before his mind, that dear little boy, with unfaltering trust in God, composed himself for his last sad sleep. Surely to this youthful victim, "death was a conquered foe."

THE LITTLE VOYAGER.

She did but float a little way,
  Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
  Listening their fairy chime;
      Her slender sail
      Ne'er felt the gale;
She did but float a little way,
  And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on her way,
  To dwell with us no more.
No jarring did she feel,
No grating on her vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
  Mingled the waters with the land,
Where she was seen no more.

SUBMISSION.

O let my trembling soul be still,
  While darkness vails this mortal eye;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will;
  Wrapt yet in fears and mystery.
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
  Yet all is well—since ruled by thee.

When mounted on thy clouded car,
  Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar,
  Thy light sweet beaming thro' thy frown;
And, should I faint a moment,—then
  I think of thee—and smile again.

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
  The narrow path of duty on;
What tho' some cherish'd joys are fled!
  What though some flattering dreams are gone!
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
  Why should my spirit then complain?

THE WIDOW'S HUSBAND AND THE ORPHAN'S FATHER.

THE strongest passion, and that which seems the most capable to detain a Christian soul, is the affection which fathers and mothers bear to their children, especially if they leave them in an age unable to help themselves. But lest this natural passion should transport you beyond the bounds of reason and piety, consider well the promise that God made to Abraham: "I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee;" and what St. Peter told the Jews: "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Above all, hear attentively, and engrave in the bottom of your hearts, that, which God speaks to you from heaven by the prophet Jeremiah: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." God is the father of us all, but especi-

ally the father of the fatherless. He hath compassion on them, and provides for all their wants.

DEATH OF THE LOVED ONE.

Her suffering ended with the day,
  Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
  In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
  Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
  And walked in paradise.

TREASURES.

A mother held three treasures choice,
  Gifts from a Friend above;
And oft-repeated was the charge,
  To guard His gifts of love.

"Watch them," said He, "and train them well,
  I may recall the loan;
Thou knowest not what hour I come,
  I give account to none."

And so the mother folded each
  Close to her loving heart,
And oft the question sad was asked,
  "How can we ever part?"

The first one was a priceless gem,
  Its worth the mother knew;
Yet hidden in a casket plain,
  'Twas fully known to few.

Another soared on airy wings,
  A bird of plumage bright,
And ever might a song be heard,
  From the heart so gay and light.

The last, a frail yet lovely flower,
  A blossom sweet and fair,
It was the idol of each heart,
  A gift so choice and rare.

But one starless night, as that mother watched lone,
  Her sad vigils keeping with sleepless care;
A rustling sound as of angel's light wing,
  Seem'd to float along with the still night air.

She listened—then watched—she listened again—
  No sound met her ear—no object was there,
Her hands firmly clasped to her bosom were pressed,
  But where was her treasure? Sweet bud! O where?

Far away to the regions of light and love,
  Was it borne with an angel's care;
Yet its fragrance sweet lingered still below,
  And its image is cherished there.

And the mother bowed to the Power Supreme,
  Which had said to her idol, "Come."
Still her heart oft yearned for its traceless path,
  While she sighed for its spirit-home.

But for the treasures which yet remained,
  Did she lift again her prayer,
Though she sought not honors, fame or wealth,
  But the Guardian's gentle care.

"O may my priceless gem," she prayed,
  Still wrought with anxious care,
Be polished for its Master's use,
  A jewel brightly fair.
Though high or low, let God direct,
  I would not anxious be,
And where in heaven my gem shall shine,
  That Lord, I leave with thee.

"And for my loving gentle bird,
  No splendid gifts I crave,
May its sweet notes be tuned to praise
  The Friend who died to save;
And when its song is heard no more
  In this lone wilderness,
Then may its warbling accents rise,
  In Heaven, His love to bless."

Bird, Flower, and Gem—earth's scenes all o'er,
  My treasures garnered home,
Grant, Father, one more lowly place,
  And bid me also "Come."

THE MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie,
Most rare and subtle fragrancy:

Would'st thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skillful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film, which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart,
It must be crush'd by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet,
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

THE BEREAVED HUSBAND.

I SAW a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved, so lovely? I call, but no voice answers—oh, my loved one, wilt thou not hear? Oh, death! inexorable death! what hast thou done? Let me, too, die—I would not live always. Let me lie down and forget my sorrow in the slumber of the grave!" While he thought thus, in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by. She bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the heavens were disclosed. He saw the ineffable glory of God—he heard the song and the transport of the great multitude, which no man can number, around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there was the spirit of her he so deeply mourned. Their happiness was pure, perma-

nent, perfect. The murmuring husband wiped the tears from his eyes, took courage, and thanked God. "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait, till my change come." And he returned to the duties of life, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope. A few months passed, and he was sleeping in the grave by the side of her he loved.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

"Sweet brother! is it so? And shall I see
Thy face on earth no more? And didst thou breathe
The last sad pang of agonizing life
Upon a stranger's pillow? No kind hand,
Of parent or of kindred near, to press
Thy throbbing temples, when the shuddering dew
Stood thick upon them? Would it had been my lot
But with one weeping prayer to gird thy heart
For its last conflict. But the turf
On thy lone grave was trodden, while I deemed
Thee living and loved amid the band
As erst thou left me.
Brother!—toils and ills
Henceforth are past—for joy—
A free, translucent, everlasting tide
O'erflows thy spirit. Thou no more hast need
Of man's protecting arm, for thou may'st lean
On His, unchanging.

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He who guards the tender bud
Through the long winter, and remembereth well
To bring its tender folds
Out from the darkness of its chamber
To meet the summer sun—will not forget
A brother's grave, but call him forth
With brighter beauty, and a glorious form,
Never to fade, nor die."

A SWEET VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

WHETHER awake or dreaming I cannot tell, but sweet music *seemed* floating on the breeze, and a voice unearthly *seemed* to fall upon my ear. I had been weeping over the sudden removal of a beloved infant, and my sorrow was very deep. I feared I should never again be comforted. The promises of the gospel were indeed rich, and free, and precious, but my eyes dimmed with tears could not perceive them, and my wounded heart could not feel them. I thought it was well to mourn.

The following language, addressed to my imagination, as the voice of my sweet child from the world of spirits, seemed to soothe my troubled mind. It roused my sinking energies, and constrained me to return to God and my duty.

"Weep not for me, dear mother," seemed the departed little one to say. "Know you

not, I am with Jesus, to whom when a *very little* infant, you gave me? and to whom you always prayed, that he would take care of your child. O mother! *He has taken care of me.* A shining angel took me from your arms. I left you weeping, mother, but I could not tell you where I was going, and what I saw. But he brought me to this blessed place, and here I am, as happy *as I can be.* I wish you and 'father dear,' and my sisters would come. There are many grown people here like you, and some older than I ever saw, and such multitudes of little children, that I do not think I could ever count them. The bright and beautiful angels are continually about our path, and Jesus himself is never far off. We run about 'the sweet fields of Paradise,' we sit down upon the banks of the 'pure river, clear as crystal,' we gather fruit from the tree of life, and we are never weary. There is no *night* here. There is no *pain*, nor *crying*. We do not wish to disobey our kind Saviour, and we *cannot* be unhappy.

"And, O dear mother! such music as we have. I used to love to hear you, and my

dear father and my sisters sing, and though I could not say all the words, I tried to join with you; and when at prayers we sung, 'Love's redeeming work is done,' I used to say it was 'pretty;' but you would not think your *earthly* worship was music, should you once hear us little children sing in heaven. It is sweeter than any music of birds you ever heard, and we never feel tired of praising our dear Saviour.

"To-day, dear mother, they told me I should never go home to you again. I did not know before that I was to stay here always. But did you know how *very* happy I am, you would not wish me back. But shall I not see you, and my dear father, in Heaven soon? I think it will not be long before God will let you come home. I shall be looking for you, for new spirits are coming all the time.

"And will you not tell your other children to be good, that they too may come to their 'darling little sister' in the skies? Will they not love to pray, and serve the blessed Jesus, *who has been so kind to me.* O, he is

more lovely than I can describe. They *must* believe it, and by and by 'they will see him as he is.' He will wash away their sins, and then they will be happy forever.

"O, warn them of that other place where the wicked go. I do not know much about it, for no thought that will make us unhappy is allowed to enter here; but I think I should feel sorry not to see you all in this bright and beautiful world. O! if God were to let me go down, I would talk to them of Jesus and of Heaven, and they would want to come. But, dearest mother, you will try to make them good; then, by and by, we shall sit down together on these heavenly hills, and talk of God's goodness. We shall sing 'redeeming love,' and serve God together in his temple, 'and go no more out forever.'

"And now, dear mother, dry up your tears. Weep not that God laid away so soon my *little weary* body in the grave. You know not the pain and sorrow from which I am saved. Think not of your lonely home, but of your happy child. And when you visit my little grave, and lean against the willow which

your love has planted over it, and while with tearful eyes you look upon the little stone which marks the spot where my little body slumbers, O think, that not only the spirit of your child is safe, but that even

> 'This little dust
> Our Father's care shall keep,'

and that in due time, even this 'shall rise at the resurrection of the Just.' "

THE LOST TREASURE.

Oh! Daughter—Sister—while our hearts are breaking,
Calm is thy breast;
Thou art quiet in the sleep which knows no waking,
Long wilt thou rest.

Touching and sad has been thy life's brief morning,
Ne'er was it bright;
Clouds vail'd the sunlight at its early dawning,
And now—'tis night!

Oh! why doth the sun set ere the noon cometh?
We cannot tell.
Why droops the spring flower, which the fond heart loveth?
Father, 'tis well!

But saddened is our home. Where once so cheerful,
'Tis still and lone,
Since all around are grieving ones and tearful,
For the young bird flown.

The shelter'd nest is empty—no song cometh—
Whence all was gay;
Yet the frail and pining birdling oft poureth
Its sweetest lay.

Oh, loved and lost one!—always so carefully,
So gently nursed,
Vain did we guard thee, and from rough winds shield thee,
The storm hath burst!

Is there not a clime where the crushed flower bloometh
In fadeless spring?
And our lost one *there*, where the angel-hand tuneth
Its sweet harp-string?

Oh! hark ye! the strains of a bright ransomed throng
Our spirits cheer;
And the time seemeth short, when our own glad song
Shall mingle there.

Then trustful we leave thy fair form, O dear one,
In quiet rest;
'Neath the pure gentle flowers, that so sweetly blossom,
On earth's green breast.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

YONDER white stone, emblem of the innocence it covers, informs the beholder of one who breathed out its tender soul almost in the instant of receiving it. There, the peaceful infant, without so much as knowing what labor and vexation mean, lies still and is quiet; it sleeps and is at rest. What did the little hasty sojourner find so forbidding and disgustful in our upper world to occasion its precipitate exit! It is written, indeed, of its suffering Saviour, that when he had tasted the vinegar mingled with gall, he would not drink. And did our new-come stranger begin to sip the cup of life, but, perceiving the bitterness, turn away its head, and refuse the draught? Was this the cause why the weary babe only opened its eyes, just looked on the light, and then withdrew into the more inviting regions of undisturbed repose?

Happy voyager! no sooner launched, than

arrived at the haven! Highly favored probationer! accepted without being exercised! It was thy peculiar privilege, not to feel the slightest of those evils which oppress thy surviving kindred; which frequently fetch groans from the most manly fortitude, or most elevated faith. The arrows of calamity, barbed with anguish, are often fixed deep in our choicest comforts. The fiery darts of temptation shot from the hands of Hell, are always flying in showers around our integrity. To thee, sweet babe, both these distresses and dangers were alike unknown.

"SLEEP GENTLY."

Written for the Anniversary of a Female Literary Institution, and sung on that occasion, in memory of the sudden death, but a few days previous, of a beloved member of the graduating class.

O grave on the green hill-side,
Our treasure we've given to thee!
She sleeps in the palm of her beauty's pride,
Within sound of the surging sea.
Sleep gently, sleep gently on earth's green breast,
Thy spirit, sweet sister, in Christ doth rest.

We thought that her smile would greet
The friends who are met to-day,
But God sent his angel to guide her feet
To the realms of perfect day.
Sleep gently, sleep gently on earth's green breast,
Thy spirit, sweet sister, in Christ doth rest.

We hoped on her pure young brow
A bridal rose-wreath to see,
But death kissed her lips ere they breathed the vow,
And said, "Come, thou fair one, with me."

Sleep gently, sleep gently on earth's green breast,
Thy spirit, sweet sister, in Christ doth rest.

Love wept, but he had no power
To stay the glad spirit's flight;
So he plum'd his wings on the self-same hour,
For his own native land of light.
Sleep gently, sleep gently on earth's green breast,
Thy spirit, sweet sister, in Christ doth rest.

O grave on the green hill-side,
Guard safely the beauteous clay!
Oh spirit, no longer to dust allied,
How bright is thy dwelling to-day!
Sleep gently, sleep gently on earth's green breast,
Thy spirit, sweet sister, in Christ doth rest.

THE DYING GIRL.

Why does my mother steal away
  To hide her struggling tears?
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
  The secret of her fears;
My father gazes on my face,
  With yearning, earnest eye,
And yet there's none among them all,
  To tell me I must die!

My little sisters press around
  My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands their garden gift,
  The first sweet buds of spring!
I wish they'd lay me where these flowers
  Might lure them to my bed;
When other springs and summers bloom,
  And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
  Glittering and gay and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak
  To shade me from its glare!

How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
  This death-dew'd glassy eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so?
  I know that I must die.

The summer winds breathe softly through
  My lone, still, dreary room;
A lonelier and a stiller one
  Awaits me in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
  No mother, hold my head;
It is a fearful thing to be
  A dweller with the dead.

Eve after eve the sun prolongs
  His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
  Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
  I love the evening sky;
And yet I should not murmur, if
  They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads,
  When parting with me now;
The nurse that tended me a babe,
  Now soothes my aching brow.

Ah! why are these sweet cradle hours
  Of joy and fondling fled?
Not e'en my parent's kisses now
  Could keep me from the dead.

Our pastor kneels beside me oft,
  And talks to me of heaven;
But with a holier vision still,
  My soul in dreams hath striven.
I've seen a beckoning hand that called
  My faltering steps on high;
I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,
  Bade me prepare to die.

TO MY DECEASED INFANT.

Thou art gone to rest in a lonely bed,
  Sweet form of my precious child;
In the silent grave rests thy little head,
  And hush'd is thy voice so mild.

In a dreamless sleep are thine eyelids closed,
  And pale is that sunny brow;
And thy dimpled hands on thy bosom fair,
  Lie folded and quiet now.

On my cheek no more shall thy velvet lip
  Its fond kiss of love impress;
And thy cherished form to this heart no more,
  Shall be pressed with tenderness.

Yet, O child belov'd, while my loss I mourn,
  Not a tear is shed for thee;
For thy soul uncaged has fled to its home,
  In a world of purity.

And the Saviour kind who loved thee on earth,
  And who died thy soul to save,

Now leadeth thee where the still waters flow,
  And the heavenly pastures wave.

And at his dear feet thou dost worship low,
  With a lovely infant throng,
And soft music swells from thy little harp,
  And sweet is thy lisping song.

It is joy to think that thy rest is found,
  Where the sky is always bright,
And this heart though sad would not call thee back,
  To a world of storm and blight.

But at heaven's gate may thy spirit pure,
  Be the first to welcome me;
When the toils of life, and its griefs are o'er,
  To a blest eternity.

And together *then*, in sweet hymns of joy,
  Our Saviour's name may we praise;
And thy voice, new tuned, shall teach me the song,
  Thou didst first in glory raise.

IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Death in that face! What thrilling dream,
From restless sleep my soul awaking,
Tells me that o'er that brow the beam
Of immortality is breaking?
Bend thee thy still warm cheek to mine, ere yet it be
Cold as the marble stone, which soon must pillow thee.

Death in those eyes! Those eyes which oft
Their shading lashes gently raising,
With looks so earnest, yet so soft,
Responded to my anxious gazing;
Look once upon me with those eyes, ere yet the gem
Of heaven's light is set eternally on them.

Death in that voice! The wind sighs past,
And time upon its wings seems flying;
Hark! on the silence round, the last,
Last accents of that voice are dying.

Oh! that its echoes on the air would ever
stay,—
They cease, and music from the earth has
passed away.

Go, dearest, from this world! For now
The shades of death are round thee creeping;
There is a seal upon thy brow,
Which shows thou art not dead, but sleeping;
And I, with nothing on this lonely earth to love,
Cling closer to the anchor of my soul above.

GRATEFUL FOR CHASTISEMENT.

Much have I borne, but not as I should bear;
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,
Tell me thou yet wilt chide, thou cans't not spare
O Lord, thy chastening rod.

O, help me, Father! for my sinful heart,
Back from this discipline of grief would start,
Unmindful of his sorer, deeper smart,
Who died for me, my God!

Yet if each wish denied, each woe and pain,
Break but some link of that oppressive chain,
Which binds me still to earth, and leaves a stain,
Thou only canst remove,

Then am I blest,—O, bliss from man concealed,
If here to Christ, the weak one's tower and shield,
My heart, through sorrow, be set free to yield
A service of deep love.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily,
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was — she sang it all day long,
"When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigneth over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day;
There was a tear upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped, and listened to the child,
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled,
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady young and fair,
Who also passing stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but a few sad days before,
Had lost the little babe she bore,

And grief was heavy at her soul,
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the past,
The present, drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree,
Listening soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes,
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet and strong,
Which that child, the live-long day,
Chanted to itself in play;
"When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigneth over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreprov'd,

Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child, if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more,—the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly;
The song still ringing in their ears,—
Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know,
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred, when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too,—
"When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigneth over all."

LOOKING UPWARD.

"SHE GOETH UNTO THE GRAVE TO WEEP THERE."

Oh, why did she not look up? Contemplations that are bounded only by the limits of the grave, are less fitted to minister consolation to the afflicted, than nutriment to sorrow, even that "sorrow of the world which worketh death." If the soul, in the tumult of its grief, will but pause a moment, and listen, it will soon hear a voice, saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." This changes the entire scene. It is no more *sight*, but *faith*. What a world of wonders does faith unfold to the view! Now we can see the ransomed spirit, not as it is here, oppressed with doubt, and agonized with suffering, but spreading the unclogged wings of its love, and expatiating with rapture

amid scenes of heavenly beauty, and songs of seraphic melody. Who would be so cruel as to call that spirit back again, to be soiled with the dust of earth; to re-endure its sorrows; to be again endangered by its fascinations; flattered with its illusions; distracted with its cares; and deceived by its promises? Is it not better for the soul to find its long sought rest, to be disrobed of its earthly mantle, to enter the pure and perfect society of the blessed; to dwell where Holiness holds its court; where angels tune their harps; where the Redeemed swell the high anthem of praise to the exalted Lamb; where it will never be interrupted in that worship, which was the original privilege, and the delicious employment of the soul, created in the image of God?

A DIRGE.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
  Young spirit! rest thee now;
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
  His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
  Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
  No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
  Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
  In heaven, is now thine own.

THOUGHTS IN A NIGHT OF SORROW.

"These light afflictions!" must I then resign
The name of mighty woe for grief like mine?
I paused a moment, for my anxious heart,
Seemed from its long-worn burden loath to part.
Then I remembered days and nights of woe,
Whose secret bitterness no friend might know;
I thought of fond affections vainly nurst,
Of hopes that rose and glittered, but to burst;
Of secret struggles with unconquered sin;
Of all the mighty warfare yet within!
"But for a moment!" sorrow seemed to stay,
Through many a weary hour, and live-long day;
Each opening month renewed the secret tear,
And memory claimed it each revolving year.
"But for a moment!" could I read aright?
And must I reckon these afflictions "light?"
I looked again, and lo! before my sight
There lay in vision stretched, the land of light?
There were the living streams! I heard them
roll,
And softest gladness gush'd across my soul;

I heard the ransomed wake their golden lyres,
And living music breathed from all their wires.
I would have learned their praise, but 'tis not given
To mortal ear, to catch the notes of heaven.
High on those hills I saw the rainbow zone,
That girds with circling light the golden throne.
I gazed intently, but my feeble sight
Was dimmed, and dazzled by such cloudless light;
For I am weak, and may not vainly dare
That far exceeding weight of joy to share.
Oh, 'twas not fleeting bliss!—no changeful day
Marked how those blessed periods stole away.
The love, the joy, the praise could never cease,
Where every echo hymned eternal peace!
Then I returned to weigh my griefs again,
With that unbounded glory,—O, 'twere vain!
I might compare a bubble with a sphere,
A heaving ocean with a trembling tear,—
Yes! I can reckon earthly things like this,
But not my fleeting woe with endless bliss!
Yet "crush'd before the moth," I seek relief
Beneath the mighty load of present grief.

My pitying Saviour! sympathy like thine,
Distills its healing balm with power divine;

The depths of human woe to Thee are known,
And thou canst pity,—tears were once thine
own.
O leave me not to sink in faithless fear,
Let me thy gentle voice in whispers hear;
Those hills of light are now thy own abode,
Thy faithful band has marked the upward road;
Lead me, and when my thankful voice shall
raise
Its first glad anthem of unfaltering praise,
I'll own the love that could such plans employ,
And work from "light afflictions" endless joy.

"HE IS NOT HERE."

Not at his grave, bereaved mother, weep;
He is not here!
First wipe away each tear,
And faith shall show thy clearer eyes,
A star to guide thee, where the young child lies
As safe in heaven, and dear,
As when thou smilest on him in his sleep.

THE EARLY DEPARTURE.

Weep! for the angel, Death,
Has stilled a young heart in the dreamless sleep;
His all-destroying breath
Has shrouded her in darkness: therefore weep!
Weep, for the loved one passed from earth away,
To the bright realms of an eternal day.

There is a dimness cast
Around the brightness of the fireside hearth,—
Her voice of song hath passed,
In sadness, from the haunts and halls of earth,—
She, of the free light step and beaming eye,
Drooped in the morn of life, and laid her down
to die.

Gently, full gently passed
Her seraph spirit from the earth away;
Nor e'er repined, nor cast
One bitter thought upon the painful way
Her God had led her, from life's opening flowers,
To Jordan's banks, in view of Canaan's bowers.

When the soft voice of spring
Wakened the music of the silver rill,
When flowers were blossoming
And the bee wandered over dale and hill,
It brought to her the token that her day
Of life was closed, and whispered, "Come away."

She faded, and it seemed,
To us who loved her, hard that she must go
From all earth's pleasant scenes,
Down to the grave's deep silence, cold and low;
Light, from the spirit-land, beamed in her eye,
The tinge of death was on her cheek—we felt that she must die.

A mother's deathless love
Sought, all in vain, to hold her spirit here.
In anguish deep she saw
Her eldest born laid on her early bier,
And now she mourns in sadness; but doth mourn
As those who hope for life beyond the grave's dark bourne.

She trusts her loved one sleeps
Upon the bosom of her Saviour, God;

His arm of love shall keep
The soul from sinking 'neath His chastening rod.
Oh, sweet it is to know that she is blest;
That, safe within the ark, her spirit is at rest.

True, she has early gone
From the glad earth; with its green leaves and flowers;
No more her joyous tone
Shall float in music through its verdant bowers:
But she has gone where flow'rets ever bloom,
And where eternal spring breathes rich perfume.

We would not call her back,
Though dreary is the shadow death has cast
Upon our spirit's track:
We know all sorrow now with her is past,
And therefore mourn not. She has joined the choir
Who strike their golden harps with angel's fire.

Her early dreams
Of future days of usefulness were bright;
Upon her pathway beamed
Radiance of joy and Hope's soft mellow light:
She lived for Christ. But yet she knew to die
Was gain, and calmly breathed life's latest sigh.

Then sweetly swell the song
Of vict'ry o'er our young friend's early grave;
We know that she is gone,
Where, round heaven's stream, undying laurels wave.
Her strife is o'er. Short was the way she trod,
In peace her spirit resteth with its God.

That we should be happy, is the will of our best Friend, who loveth us much better than we love ourselves; who is concerned for our welfare, as his own dearest interest, and greatly delighted therein; who, by innumerable experiments, hath demonstrated an excess of kindness to us; who, in all his dealings with us, doth aim purely at our good; who never doth afflict or grieve us more against our will, than against his own desire, never indeed, but when goodness itself calleth for it, and even mercy doth urge thereto.

MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head,
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—He is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call;
And then bethinks me,—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing,—that he is not there!

I know his face is hid,
Under the coffin-lid;—

Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair:
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it enquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there.

When at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! where, then, is he?
The form I used to see,
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press,
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there.

He lives! — in all the past,
He lives; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

May we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod,
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear;
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there.

CONSOLATIONS FOR THE LONELY.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
  Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,
  And none shall ever die!
    Where is that land, oh, where?
    For I would hasten there.
    Tell me—I fain would go;
    For I am wearied with a heavy wo!
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender, from my path have gone!
  O guide me with thy hand,
  If thou dost know that land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair,—
  Where is it? Tell me where!

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
  The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
  Sorrow, and pain and strife!
    Think how the Son of God

These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out, for thee, the appointed wo;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for Him!
Think of the blood-like sweat,
With which his brow was wet—
Yet how He prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do thou not despair;
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer!

A PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

Weary with grief I come to THEE,
  My FATHER and my GOD,
Submissive I would wait THY will,
  And kiss THY chastening rod.

I would be THINE, be wholly THINE,
  Still lean upon THY word,
And trust THEE in my darkest hours,
  My Friend, my Helper, GOD.

O wilt THOU deign to stay my grief,
  If it seem best to THEE,
And give my mind some sweet relief,
  If it be stayed on THEE.

If it be not, O lead me, LORD,
  Into THY chosen way,
And keep, O keep my sinful heart,
  That I may never stray.

And when on earth my stay is o'er,
  And Death shall call for me,
Then may my spirit upward soar,
  To rest, in heaven, with THEE.

THE FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Come gather closer to my side,
  My little smitten flock—
And I will tell of Him who brought
  Pure water from the Rock;
Who boldly led God's people forth
  From Egypt's wrath and guile—
He once a cradled babe did float
  All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
  Are wandering far and wide—
Think ye of her who knew so well
  Your tender thoughts to guide?
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
  Your fixed attention claim—
Oh never from your hearts erase
  That blessed Mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn—
  My youngest infant dove
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
  And learn the lay of love.

My sheltering arm can clasp you all,
  My poor deserted throng;
Cling as you used to cling to her,
  Who sings the Angel's song.

Begin sweet birds, the accustomed strain—
  Come, warble loud and clear—
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
  You're sobbing in my ear.
Good-night, go say the prayer she taught,
  Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there
  Are silent with the dead.

A Father's hand your course may guide
  Amid the thorns of life—
His care protect these shrinking plants
  That dread the storms of life;
But who upon your infant heart
  Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the springs that rule the soul?
  Dear mourning babes, good-night.

THE EARLY DEAD.

THERE is something lovely in the departure of an infant to be with angels, notwithstanding the awful chasm it occasions in the bereaved circle. The lifeless clay is beautiful; "death cannot steal the signet ring of heaven." It is no paradox, then, to speak of the beauty of death. We gaze upon features, pale and cold indeed, but which have never been furrowed by a care; which have never been distorted by envy, malice or revenge; never have been darkened by *pining* grief. And as we gaze, there is no retrospect of reverses or vicissitudes, of sorrows and of sin. True we hold the remains of one who was the offspring of depraved parents, who inherited a depraved nature, and could be saved only by the atoning merits of a crucified Saviour; and who, if life had lasted, would have been exposed to temptation and sin. But how consolatory and cheering the reflection, that the soul, which so

lately animated the lifeless frame, now adorns like a starry gem, the crown of our glorious Immanuel.

It is a relief to the agonized feelings of parents and bereaved friends, that the early dead are rescued from many evils to come. This world is a wilderness, through which it is impossible to pass and avoid danger; or this life is a voyage, which exposes us to many tempests and adverse winds. The early dead escape not only temptations and sins, but from the hazards of this changeful world, from vicissitudes, pain, weakness, from days of anguish, from sleepless nights, from untold agony. The merciful Disposer of events, foreseeing the impending storm of adversity, may remove our precious lambs to a place of safety,—the upper-fold,—to the bosom of the good Shepherd.

If children are a parent's jewels, let him not be disconsolate, when they are taken to be planted in the Redeemer's diadem. If children are our olive plants, flowers which we tenderly cherish, let us not mourn when they are taken to a shelter from the wintry storm and tempest.

It is to Christianity we are indebted for the most effectual consolation in the hour of bereavement. It consecrates the sepulchre. It places angels of light around its portals, to guard and keep the reposing dust, and writes thereon, "Hope!" "Eternal Life!"

A PARENT'S DEATH.

THE death of a parent has been useful. His expiring charge has never been forgotten. The thought of separation forever from one so loved and valued, has awakened in the son a salutary fear. Returning from a father's grave, he has met with God, saying, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father! thou art the guide of my youth?" And the death of the parent has proved the life of the child.

THE MOTHER'S LAST WISH.

By the request of a dying mother, her little babe was offered in baptism at the funeral service following her decease.

Lieth here beneath her shroud,
Like a star beneath a cloud,
She, of whom our love was proud.

Common mourners are not here;
Sorrow bending o'er this bier,
Drops no inexpressive tear.

Kind, consistent, earnest one;
Active, all her labor done;
Ripe for summons to the Son.

Meek in her allotted place;
Panting for and finding grace;
Winner in the Christian race.

Giving life, she yielded life;
Sharp the struggle, sore the strife,—
Quick, yet keen, the severing knife.

In the matron's modest bloom,
Just a mother,—to the tomb,
Sunk she by untimely doom.

Just allowed earth's purest bliss,
Just allowed her bud to kiss,
Ere she perished ;—anguish this !

" Perished ? "—No !—from this terrene,
Borne by angels, she is seen ;
God beholds the evergreen !

Stay awhile the funeral stave ;
Stay ere the insatiate grave,
Takes the lovely dust it gave.

Stay,—for so she bade us,—till
We perform her dying will ;
Ere the waiting grave ye fill !

Bring the precious fatal gift ;
Heart, thy inner purpose sift,
While the fervent prayer we lift.

Meet it is in truthful prayer,
Thus to God our grief and care,
To commit, and leave them there.

Meet it is when mothers go,
Thus the orphans to bestow,
On his heart, who loves them so.

Bring it to the coffin's head;
Kneel, while solemn word is said,
In the presence of the dead!

Though her little babe is nigh,
From that bosom where 'twould lie,
Comes not the maternal sigh.

Beckon not the sheltering arms,
To protect it from alarms;
Speaketh not the voice that calms.

Ah! that stream of life is dried,
Which those tiny lips supplied,
Ah! a mother's breast denied.

Peaceful doth that mother lie,
Closed affection's ear and eye;
Heedless of her baby's cry.

Water,—of blest purity,
Emblem,—do we pour on thee;
Little one! regenerate be,—

Only by the crimson flood
Of the spotless; in the blood,
Of the very Son of God.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Take the feeble, take the lost,
Purchased once, at Calvary's cost.

Onward! —we have holy joy,
Breaking on our sad employ;
Death! thou canst not these destroy.

TO A BEREAVED PARENT.

I CANNOT, I dare not say, weep not! Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and surely he allows you to weep; surely, there is a "needs be," that you feel a heaviness under such a trial. But O, let hope and joy mitigate your heaviness. I know not how this, or a former trial shall work for your good. But it is enough that God knows. He that said, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," excepts not from this promise the sorest trial. You devoted your son to God; you cannot doubt that he accepted the surrender. If he has been hid in the chamber of the grave from the evil of sin, and from the evil of suffering, let not your eye be evil when God is good. What you chiefly wished for him, and prayed on his behalf, was spiritual and heavenly blessings. If the greatest thing you wished for is accomplished, at the season, and in the manner Infinite Wisdom saw best,

refuse not to be comforted; you know not what work and joy have been waiting for him in that world, where God's "servants shall serve him."

Should you sorrow immoderately when you have such ground of hope that he, and his other parent are rejoicing in what you lament? I know that nature will feel; and I believe suppressing its emotions in such cases is not profitable, either to soul or body; but I trust, though you mourn, God will keep you from murmuring, and that you shall have to glory in your tribulation and infirmity, while the power of Christ is manifested thereby.

THE MOURNER'S RETURN

TO AN EARLY HOME, WITH THE REMAINS OF A BELOVED AND LOST CHILD, WHO HAD DIED AWAY.

BY A FATHER.

Home of my happier days! we meet once more,
Yet meet we not as we have met before;
Alone and desolate thy hall I tread,
Widowed and childless! mourning o'er the dead.
Yet murmuring not that all have passed away;
I know 'twas right, and though I feel,—obey.
There was a time,—recalled by clinging thought,
When children clustered round the hearth I sought,—
When love e'er welcomed me,—when I could turn,
To clasp my treasures,—not embrace an urn.

Bright spirits! from your angel realm above,
If ye have watch'd a father's tears and love;
Behold him seated near the silent dead,
Tears of too late repentance vainly shed,

Mourning in bitterness of spirit, o'er
Lost joys, he prized not half enough before.
All memory darkened,—hope o'ercast in gloom,
The past, the present, and the time to come:
All, all alike,—save that thro' faith my eye,
Assays to pass into Eternity!
Then glorious all appear; no sin, no death,
No sinking spirit, and no failing breath,
No fell disease to blight each bud of joy;
Hope without sorrow,—peace without alloy.

Father of Mercies! may redemption bring
To my crushed soul, "a healing on its wing;"
Shed o'er me Lord, if so thy will design,
(For thou alone hast power), thy peace divine;
Blot out my sins, bend low my stubborn will,
And,—as thou hast been,—be my Father still!

Lead me to heaven,—to those thou lead'st before,
And thro' my Saviour, open mercy's door;
That I may feel, whate'er my sorrows be,
"I go to them,—though they come not to me."

APOSTROPHE TO DEATH.

DEATH, stern Tyrant! To whose sceptre the monarch on his throne, and the meanest vassal that crouches at his feet, must alike bow down; thou, indeed art no respecter of persons! Young and old, high and low, must bend to thy mandate; from the unborn infant to the hoary head of age, all, feel and own thy power! Thou lookest at the child at play, and straightway he turns like a weary thing to rest among the flowers. Thou, with thy cold eye, winketh coldly at glowing youth, and the school-boy turns from his books to obey thy summons. Thou pauseth at the door of manhood, and running over the ledger of life, receiptest the account, and the strong man is seen no more. Even the magic name of mother, is no protection from thy shafts; beckoning her away with thy fatal finger, she is gone! Thou callest to the old man, to tell him he is not forgotten, and straightway he stum-

bles to his long home. Through thy domains we must all pass to the unchanging realities of eternity. We may cover thee with the flowers of poetry; we may surround thee with the halo of glory; yet still thy summons is a fearful one. Grim King! Monarch of the realms of silence! Is there no passport through thy dark valley?—Yes, thanks be to God, there is! It is the unction of a good conscience; for though temptations may annoy, and afflictions may wound, yet in a good conscience there is no sting! None but a Christian can look calmly in the stern face of death. Let us, then, by faith, cling to the nail-printed hand of the Lord Jesus, and unshrinkingly walk with death to the dread unknown, remembering that our Saviour hath trod the dark valley before us, and even Death is subject to *his* will.

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S LOVE,

STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH.

No ! no ! I must depart
From earth's pleasant scenes, for they but wake
Those thrilling memories of the lost which shake
The life-sands from my heart.

Why do ye bid me stay ?
Should the rose linger, when the young buds die,
Or the tree flourish when the branches lie
Stricken by sad decay ?

Doth not the parent dove,
When the young nurslings leave their lowly home,
And soar on joyous wings to heaven's blue dome,
Fly the deserted grave ?

Why then should I remain ?
Have I not seen my sweet voiced warblers soar

So far away, that Love's fond wiles no more,
May lure them back again?

They cannot come to me;
But I may go to them,—and as the flower
Awaits the dewy eve, I wait the hour
That sets my spirit free.

Hark! heard ye not a sound,
Sweeter than wild bird's note, or minstrel's lay?
I know that music well, for night and day,
I hear it echoing round.

It is the tuneful chime
Of spirit voices!—'tis my infant band,
Calling the mourner from this darkened land,
To joy's unclouded clime.

My beautiful, my blest!
I see them there, by the Great Spirit's throne;
With winning words, and fond beseeching tone,
They woo me to my rest.

They chide my long delay,
And wonder that I linger from their home,
They stretch their loving arms to bid me come—
Now would ye have me stay?

A DIRGE

FOR A YOUNG MOTHER.

Weep for the early lost!
How many flowers were mingled in the crown,
Thus with the lovely to the grave gone down,
E'en when life promised most;
How many hopes have wither'd—they that bow
To Heaven's dread will, feel all its mysteries
now.

Did the young mother's eye
Behold her child, and close upon the day,
Ere from its glance the awakening spirit's ray
In sunshine could reply!
—Then look for clouds to dim the fairest morn,
Oh! strong is faith, if woe like this be borne.

For there is hush'd on earth
A voice of gladness—there is vail'd a face,
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place
By the once joyous hearth.
A smile hath pass'd, which fill'd its home with
light;

A soul, whose beauty made that smile so bright!
But there is power with faith!
Power, e'en though nature, o'er the untimely grave
Must weep, when God resumes the gem He gave;
For sorrow comes of death,
And with a yearning heart we linger on,
When they, whose glance unlock'd its founts, are gone!

But glory from the dust,
And praise to Him, the merciful, for those
On whose bright memory love may still repose,
With an immortal trust!
Praise for the dead, who leave us, when they part,
Such hope as she hath left—"the pure in heart."

FAITH.

Restless and oft-complaining, on his bed
  Tossed a fair child, as burned along his veins
  The fire of fever with consuming pains;
And ever and anon he raised his head
From the hot pillow, and beseeching said—
  "Water! O, give me water!" By his side
  The healer stood, and tenderly replied—
"Wait yet awhile—this potion take instead."
  "No," cried the child—"'tis poison and will kill!"
His father took the cup—"My son, be sure
This is a nauseous draught, but yet may cure;
  Will my boy drink it?"—then said he "I will—
I'm not afraid 'tis poison now—I know
You would not give it, father, were it so."

O, trusting childhood! I would learn of thee
  This lesson of pure faith, and to my heart
  So bind it that it never may depart—
Therefore shalt thou my teacher be;
For in thy perfect trust the sin I see

Of my own doubts and fears. The cup of life,
Drugged with the bitterness of tears and strife,
Shall I not drink it when 'tis proffered me ?
Yes—for 'tis mingled by a Father's hand
And given in love—for, rightly understood,
Trials and pains tend ever to our good,
Healing the soul that for the better land
Thirsts with a deathless longing! Welcome pain
Whose end is bliss and everlasting gain!

ACTIVE DUTY A RELIEF TO SORROW.

In my judgment, says Mrs. More, one of the best proofs that sorrow has had its right effect is, that it has not incapacitated for business; *your* business being duties. Under the pressure of heavy affliction it is soothing to the heart to sink down into the enjoyment of a kind of sad indulgence, and to make itself believe, that this is as right as it is gratifying; especially while it mixes some pious thoughts with this unprofitable tranquillity. But who can say, even after the severest loss, I have no duties, no cares in life, remaining. Much less can a tender mother say it, who has still so many looking to her advice, and what is more, to her example. It is not the smallest part of the good that you may do them, to let them see what effect great trials have upon your mind and that Christianity enables you to bear up under such a stroke.

LIFE IS A THORNY ROAD TO TREAD.

Job 14 : 1—Rev. 21 : 14.

Life is a thorny road to tread,
  And mourning thousands walk therein ;
Bright hopes are to oblivion wed,
  All through this world of reigning sin.

Smiles may delight at sunny morn,
  And joy flash out in radiant light :
But ere the glowing stars adorn
  The skies, day settles into night.

Health, hope and joy—life, death, a bier—
  These are the rapid scenes that pass :
A smile, a pain, a pang, a tear—
  Thus run the sands of man's hour-glass.

But there's a better land in view,
  Where sinless spirits live and love ;
All changeless, cloudless, woless too,
  'Tis Glory's blissful land above.

There peace doth like a river roll
  Through the fair fields of bliss divine ;

And joys immortal fill the soul,
  While saints in robes of brightness shine.

No tear shall dim the sleepless eye ;
  No pang shall rend the peaceful breast ;
Nor bud of hope celestial die
  In that fair land of glorious rest.

Hail, happy world, where sorrows cease !
  There shall the ransomed sinner sing,
And "*satisfied*," repose in peace
  Beneath an angel's glowing wing.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

A BEAUTIFUL child, one morning, offered some rich dainty to a sky-lark in a *golden* cage; but the bird refused to eat, and flapped his wings against his prison bars, eager to soar through accustomed fields of light, and sing at "Heaven's gate."

Then the child knew, that his favorite cared for other food, and longed to fly from his narrow home; so he opened the door of the pretty cage, and soon the lark was soaring on swift wings, singing a song of the richest melody, and was hidden by a snowy cloud from the little gazer.

After a few brief days, the spirit of the child, like the bird, escaped from its earthly prison;—the door being opened by the Angel of Death.

The Lord saw that that mortal tenement, beautiful though it was, formed no fit mansion to contain a spirit, ready to join the cherub-

choir of infant worshipers in heaven. A way of escape was afforded, and the ransomed child responded to the call of the Saviour, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

SPIRITUAL RECOGNITIONS.

A LITTLE girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious and prayer-loving child, was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say: "Now tell me about my mamma!" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly: "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weekly—
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer!"

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eye-lids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan cuddling hands flew up, in the little one's impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine who stood by that bed of joyous death:

"If I had never believed in the ministra-

tion of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now!"

"Peace I leave with you," said the wisest Spirit that ever passed from earth to heaven. Let us be at "peace," amid the spirit mysteries and questionings on which his eye shall soon shed the light of eternity.

RESIGNING.

"Poor heart! what bitter words *we* speak
When God speaks of resigning."

Children, that lay their pretty garlands by
Most lingeringly, yet with a patient will;
Sailors, that, when the o'erladen ship lies still,
Cast out her precious freight with vailed eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never reach the wished-for shore:
Thus we, oh Infinite! stand thee before,
And lay down at thy feet, without one sigh,
Each after each, our lovely things and rare—
Our close-heart jewels, and our garlands fair.
Perhaps thou knewest that the flowers would die:
And the long-voyaged hoards be found all dust:
So take them while unchanged. To thee we trust
For treasure incorruptible; thou art just.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Unfolding in a darkened path,
  I watched a lovely flower;
A plant it seemed of heavenly birth,
  Strayed from its natal bower;
Its blushing petals meekly raised,
  Unmindful of the gloom,
Breathed softly o'er the brier'd waste,
  An exquisite perfume.

'Twere sad to think, as with delight
  I viewed the opening bud,
How soon the chilling wind would blight,
  How soon its beauties fade;
But while the tear bedewed my eye,
  A florist sought the prize,
His garden bower to beautify,
  Beneath more sunny skies.

A bud of promise was thy child,
  Thou sorrow-stricken ones;
Too beautiful, too sweet and mild,
  To deck this vale of thorns;

Transplanted thence, to Heaven's parterre,
By the great Florist's hand;
'Twill ope, a flower of beauty rare,
In that unclouded land.

Then mourner, stay the falling tear,
Ye surely should not grieve;
Your babe, released from suffering here,
With God on high doth live;
Among that bright angelic choir,
Who bow around his throne,
Your darling, now a cherub fair,
A golden harp shall tune.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Sweet is the scene when Christians die,
  When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye,
  How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

So fades a summer-cloud away;
  So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
  So dies the wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor-brow,
  Fann'd by some angel's purple wing;
O, grave! where is thy vict'ry now?
  Invidious death! where is thy sting?

A holy quiet reigns around;
  A calm which nothing can destroy;
Nought can disturb that peace profound,
  Which there unfettered souls enjoy.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
  Where light and shade alternate dwell!

How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
  Farewell, inconstant world! Farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
  Light, from its load, the soul doth fly;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
  "Sweet is the scene when Christians die."

TEARFUL SOWING; JOYFUL REAPING.

In a village grave-yard, on a chaste and beautiful tombstone, I read an inscription that has dwelt in my mind since reading it, as peculiarly striking and appropriate. The record of virtues bright and lovely, was first made, and then followed these words:

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

It was a precious, precious thought, and I bent my head upon the marble, and studied the blessed truth. It was pure revelation; reason would have never reached it, yet I believed it with all my heart, and saw that immortality is only through the tomb.

Except it die! I have sown some seed in the ground. The lamb of my affections has been laid in the tomb. He was sown in corruption, but he will be raised again. His dust will be quickened, and, like the grain that has

been sown, he will start into life and beauty, and bloom in the paradise of God forever. In this thought there is comfort most comforting: nay, it excites me, and stirs me, and half persuades me that it was better far, to bury the seed than keep it. It will yield a harvest of joy hereafter.

This tombstone has spoken to my soul. It has given me hope and strength in the midst of weakness and grief. Reader, bereaved reader, that which thou sowest is not quickened, *except it die.*

A THOUGHT FOR THE BEREAVED.

You should be soothed to peaceful submission, under your sore afflictions, by the thought, "It is my Father who has taken my child." While the child was living, if our parents had taken it home for a few days, after which you were to go also to them, no murmuring word would have escaped you, no anxiety would have consumed your heart; for you have the feelings of a child toward those parents; they are *your* parents. And so, if you have the feelings of a child toward God, if in the spirit of adoption you feel that he is *your Father*, you will bow in peaceful submission as you think, "My Father has taken away my child; that child is in my father's keeping," he has taken him a few days before me, and "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Tears were denied thee, mother,
  And wherefore should'st thou weep
To see the blest and beautiful
  Hush'd in a dreamless sleep?

The sunshine of that spirit
  Had known no passing cloud;
And at the shrine of worldliness
  That heart had never bowed.

Before in earth's forbidden paths
  Those feet had learn'd to stray,
His father's hand was kindly stretch'd
  To beckon him away.

In those green fields of verdure,
  Where no bleak tempest low'rs,
Thy cherub-boy now loves to rove
  Among the fadeless flowers.

His infant songs are lifted
  To swell the angelic strain;

With cherubim and seraphim
  He treads the heavenly plain.

Nought that defiles can enter—
  No tear of grief or care—
Account it not a fearful thing
  To place thy treasures there.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

They tell me life is waning fast,
  And Death's dark wing unfurled,
Will bear my spirit soon from earth,
  Unto an unknown world;
I feel, beloved, it must be so,—
  I feel that even now
His hand is on my fluttering heart,
  His shadow o'er my brow.

How shall I leave thee?—how resign
  Thy tenderness and care?
The pressure of thy clasping hand,
  Thy blessing and thy prayer!
Together we have tasted joy,
  Together wept in ill,
And the love that was so bright in bliss,
  In grief was brighter still.

Wilt thou not miss me from thy side,
  When twilight's hour hath come?

Will it not seem a desert place,
  The paradise of home ?
Then, gather close with brooding love
  Our children round thy knee,
And wipe with tenderest hand the tears
  Which they will shed for me.

And soothe each little throbbing heart
  That asks for me in vain,
And say, that in the far-off heaven
  Their mother lives again ;
Link not my name with thought of death,
  But point them to the sky,
And tell them in the " Better Land "
  They neither weep nor die.

Go with them to their lonely couch
  At evening's silent close,
And softly press each pillowed cheek,
  And hush them to repose :
Or bid them kneel with clasped hands
  To lisp their evening prayer ;
Thou must unite a father's love,
  With all a mother's care.

A mother's care ! a mother's love !
  And must they never know

How deeply in her "heart of hearts"
  A mother's love may glow?
Will they yet bloom in girlhood fair,
  While she who gave them birth
Lies all forgotten far away,
  In one lone spot of earth?

Forgotten! no, beloved one, no!
  Thou wilt remember still
The being who hath shared thy lot,
  Alike in good or ill;
Thou wilt remember all her love,
  With faithful, fond regret;
And but the faults she could not hide,
  Thy heart will e'er forget.

And thou wilt come to that lone spot
  Where the green willow waves,
And lead our children's tiny feet
  Among the quiet graves;
And read for them the sculptured stone—
  Brief record of my life—
Then say how faithfully I loved,
  As mother, and as wife.

How can I say farewell to thee?
  How mark thy bitter tears?

Look up, beloved, we only part
  For a few fleeting years;
They will roll o'er thy darkened path
  Swiftly as shadows flee,
And in a world of holier love
  Will our blest meeting be.

MY BROKEN BUD.

I had a precious gift from heaven;—
  Oh! it was passing fair;
It was a bud of promise sweet,
  Adorned with beauty rare.
I gave it sunshine and the air,—
  'Twas watered by the dew;
I watched it as each coming day
  Unfolded beauties new.

Rich odors from its heart it breathed,
  Of most surpassing sweet;
It was a bright, celestial bud,
  For our cold clime unmeet.
There was a fragrance not of earth,
  Around my fairy blossom,
And with a thrill of ecstasy,
  I placed it in my bosom.

Never was thing more dearly loved
  Than my fair beauteous flower;—
And closer to my heart of hearts
  I wore it every hour.

The dream, the wild, sad dream of woe,
  Came never to my heart,
That from my own sweet bud of bliss
  I might be called to part.

One day, upon its tender stem
  It could not lift its head,—
And, with a shudder through its heart
  Its petals bright were shed.
Alas! One had been near my flower
  With icy, shivering breath,
Which chilled it to its very core;—
  It was the BLIGHT OF DEATH.

Sadly we raised its drooping head,—
  We watered it with tears,—
And night and day hung over it,
  With agony and fears.
We strove to stay the withering blight;—
  We strove, but strove in vain.
No sunshine could revive it now,
  Nor dew, nor gentle rain.

And yet we prayed, and yet we hoped,
  Still cheered by some slight token.
One morn I found,—oh, agony!
  My cherished bud was broken.

But could it be that all my hopes,—
My dreams of bliss were fled?—
Oh could it—*could* it be, alas,
My darling bud was dead?

Sad—sad the change that had passed o'er
My blossom fair and bright!
They tore it from my bleeding heart,—
They put it from my sight.
And now my broken bud doth lie
Upon the damp-earth sod,
From the sweet sunlight all shut out—
Wasting beneath the clod.

But I shall see my bud again,
'Midst fairest flowers of heaven.
Oh! then in bright, celestial bloom,
'Twill back to me be given.
Then let me still my aching heart,
And bless the friendly Hand,
Which soon transplanted it from earth,
Into the better land.

BEREAVED MOTHER'S TESTIMONY.

SAID a mother once, "I did not weep when I saw the spirit of my child departing; nor was my soul overwhelmed, even when told that it was gone. I had often shuddered at the contemplation of such a scene; and when witnessing the sorrows of others, have felt that *I could not* be sustained myself under similar circumstances. But how did I limit the Holy One of Israel! True, it was a scene of painful and affecting interest, and unassisted nature might indeed have sunk. But there was one supremely lovely and glorious, whose kindness cheered the sorrows of that hour. I could not doubt the presence of the Saviour, as I stood by that sweet infant's dying pillow. I thought attending angels were there too.

"To one I seemed to hear him say—'Comfort that mother; support her wounded heart; pour into her soul the precious consolations of

my word; see to it that Satan and his fiery darts assail her not.' And it was so.

"To another—'Take the spirit of that suffering, dying child, fold it gently to thy breast, then plume thy wings, bright seraph, and before the morning dawn, land it safely on that peaceful shore, where tempests never beat, nor billows roar.' It is not meet that it should remain here longer, its frame is too feeble, its spirit too tender and sensitive, it cannot bear the cold wind and the rough wind of this unfeeling world. I can take better care of it than these parents, with all their tenderness and assiduity. They cannot shield it from harm and sorrow. If spared it will only be to suffer *much* and *long*, and to die *at last* a painful death. It were better to snap the slender cord of life, to take it gently now, and then all sorrow will be for ever past; it will enter at once into peace. These parents will weep and mourn, it is true, but 'the sadness of their countenances will make their hearts better.' 'In their affliction they will seek my face,' and I will comfort them; and 'what they know not now they shall know hereafter.'

'Swift flies the soul; perhaps 'tis gone
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun—
Or twice ten thousand times thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.'

"I followed the spirit of my darling in its upward flight. I imagined its cordial welcome at the gate of the eternal city. I saw it enter in, and listened to his first sweet hymn of praise. Heaven during that hour seemed but a little way off, and the time seemed short, ere the mother could see her child again.

"During the sad scenes which followed, I was still enabled to feel that, 'beneath me and around me, *His* strong right arm was thrown.' I could not sink with such a prop. I saw indeed the dear body of my child laid away in the grave, and felt too truly that it would return no more, but the sweet consciousness, that angels watch even the sleeping dust, cheered my heart; and I felt too, that it would rise again.

"I returned from the funeral solemnities. No laughing voice was heard, nor light footsteps on the floor as I entered the deserted nursery. All there was loneliness and sad-

ness. The vacant chair, the untouched toy, the empty crib, were all before me. But I remembered the Saviour *had been there.* Methought he was there still. I felt that he could sustain. I leaned on his Almighty arm, and was not disappointed.

"Months have passed away since my sweet babe became a peaceful sleeper in the grave. Time has not healed my wounded heart, nor blunted the keenness of my sorrow. More deeply than ever do I feel that 'my child is not.' But the gospel is. The Saviour is; and *he* is the same: a sure refuge in the day of trouble. *Here*, and *only* here, and *firmly* and for ever here may the bereaved heart repose."

"Earth hath no sorrow which Heaven cannot heal."

MOURNING FOR THE AGED.

Why say ye,—when the aged die,
  And find a couch in mouldering clay,—
That lightly parts the loosened tie,
  And scarcely mourned they passed away?

Speak,—ye, who o'er their calm decline,
  Have bent so tenderly and long,—
Did love without a pang resign
  Its charge, and seek the unsaddened throng?

Speak,—ye, who by a father's side
  So fondly watched while years swept by,
Making his hoary locks your pride,
  And learning how the righteous die,—

Who studious culled from storied page
  Sweets o'er the deafened ear to strew,
And quickened oft the homeward step,
  Because that dim eye watched for you;

Who felt his trusting, helpless age,
  Relying where it once controlled,

Wake in your soul a thrill that made
  The love of prosperous seasons cold.

Speak! was the shaft of anguish slight,
  And soon dispelled the painful gloom;
When sank your counselor and guide,
  A tenant of the voiceless tomb?

Hence with the thought! It is not so!
  Methinks a deeper woe should wait
Their loss, whose rooted virtues show
  The ripeness of a lengthened date:

When wisdom's crown, so meekly worn,
  Is shrouded mid their frosted hair,
And from a younger race withdrawn,
  The example they but ill could spare!

Then say not, when the aged die,
  And fade from mortal life away—
That lightly parts affection's tie,
  Or brief the tear that dews their clay.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even a father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his heart; there is a claim of association that comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She has heard the first utterances of every word. She has been the refuge of his fears; the supply of his wants. And when he dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give him up, with all these memories, these associations? The timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold

them on his breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she had watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down to the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and peaceful slumber, a hair of which she would not see harmed, oh! how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave? The form that not one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it no more? Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions, crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is as her affection: and if the one is more deep and tender in man, the other is simple and spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of God.

LINES.

Suggested by an allegory of Bishop Heber's, and written by the dying bed of one of the lambs of the Saviour's flock.

There was an eastern shepherd,
  Who had a lovely child,
The dearest and the fondest
  On which that parent smiled.

But bitter winds came sweeping;
  The tender stem gave way,—
Its early buds were scattered
  In premature decay.

The father sat in silence
  And sorrow by his side,
His spirit was in bitterness,
  And peevishly he cried:

"Oh! it was cruel, cruel,
  To call thee thus away:
That what I loved so fondly,
  Might here no longer stay.

"I could have spared another,
  Though with a deep-drawn sigh;

But thou—my heart's best treasure,—
  I thought not *thou* couldst die."

Yet quickly was he silenced,
  For when he raised his eye,
A stranger mild and courteous,
  Was standing watching by.

Not a single word was spoken,
  For the stranger did not stay,
But raised his hand in silence,
  And beckoned him away.

'Twas the solemn hour of midnight,
  The moon was shining bright,
And every thing around them
  Wrapped in its silvery light.

They passed each varied object
  In saddened silence by ;
'Till they came unto the fold
  Where sheep slept quietly.

"I am a shepherd too," (he said)
  "With a better fold than thine,
With pastures green and waters clear,
  And skies that ever shine.

"Now, if *thou* wert to take a lamb
  To fondle to *thy* breast,

Wouldst thou not choose the youngest one,
  The loveliest and the best ?

" Then, wherefore grieve that when I came
  To take a lamb from *thee*,
I chose the fairest of the flock
  To come and dwell with me ? "

The stranger paused,—the father turned,
  And raised his tearful eye ;
He stood *alone* in that starlight fold,
  Where the sheep slept quietly.

He threw him down on the dewy grass,
  And strove a *prayer* to raise ;
But his voice was lost in *thankfulness*,
  And his heart was filled with *praise*.

THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.

Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expression of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language:

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question, that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her, when all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to a gaze upon it a few months, or a few opening smiles, which marked the dawn of felt enjoyment; and ere it had reached perhaps the lisp of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length to be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant, nor when carried to its early grave what a tide of emotion it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind it! On

it, too, baptism was impressed as a seal, and as a sign it was never falsified. There was no positive unbelief in its bosom—no love at all for the darkness rather than the light—nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach itself to all that perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this the known disposition of our great forerunner—the love that he manifested to children on earth, how he suffered them to approach his person, and lavishing endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem, told the disciples that the presence and the company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, and at the end of its little period expired; we cannot think we venture too far when we say that he has only to persevere in the faith, and in the following of the gospel,

and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven.

The blossom which withered here upon its stalk, has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded; and in the name of Him, who, if on earth, would have wept with them, do we bid all believers present, to sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fear—
The days of woe, the watchful night—
For all her sorrow, all her fear—
An over-payment of delight?

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF M. E. VAN LENNEP.

I shine in the light of God,
  His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
  And I reign in glory now;
No breaking heart is here,
  No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
  Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven,
  I am one of the angel-band;
To my head a crown is given,
  And a harp is in my hand;
I have learned the song they sing,
  Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
  With my new-born melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain—
  Safe in my happy home;

My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
  My hour of triumph come ;
Oh ! friends of my mortal years,
  The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the valley of tears,
  But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh ! no ;
  For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
  Till they meet and touch again ;
Each link is strong and bright,
  And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
  To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
  Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do you weep when the noise of war,
  And the rage of conflict die ?
Then why should your tears roll down,
  And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
  And another soul in heaven !

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
  But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
  But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
  And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
  Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
  Not from the ground arise,
But oft-times celestial benedictions
  Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
  Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers
  May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition.
  This life of mental breath,

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
  Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
  But one unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
  And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
  By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
  She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing,
  In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
  Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
  The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance though unspoken,
  May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
  For when with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
  She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
  Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
  Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
  That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient ! and assuage the feeling
  We cannot wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way.

THE MOTHERLESS.

Deal gently with the motherless,
  Oh! ye who rule their homes;
Cast not a shadow on the brows
  Of those deep-stricken ones.

Speak softly to the motherless;
  A saddened stream is stirred
From the deep fonts of memory,
  With every unkind word.

Be kind unto the motherless;
  Beside the hearth of glee,
Should there some little lone ones rest,
  Give them thy sympathy.

Look, parent, on thy own fair ones,
  And think a mother's smile
Once shed a sunshine o'er the brow,
  Of every orphan child.

THE END.